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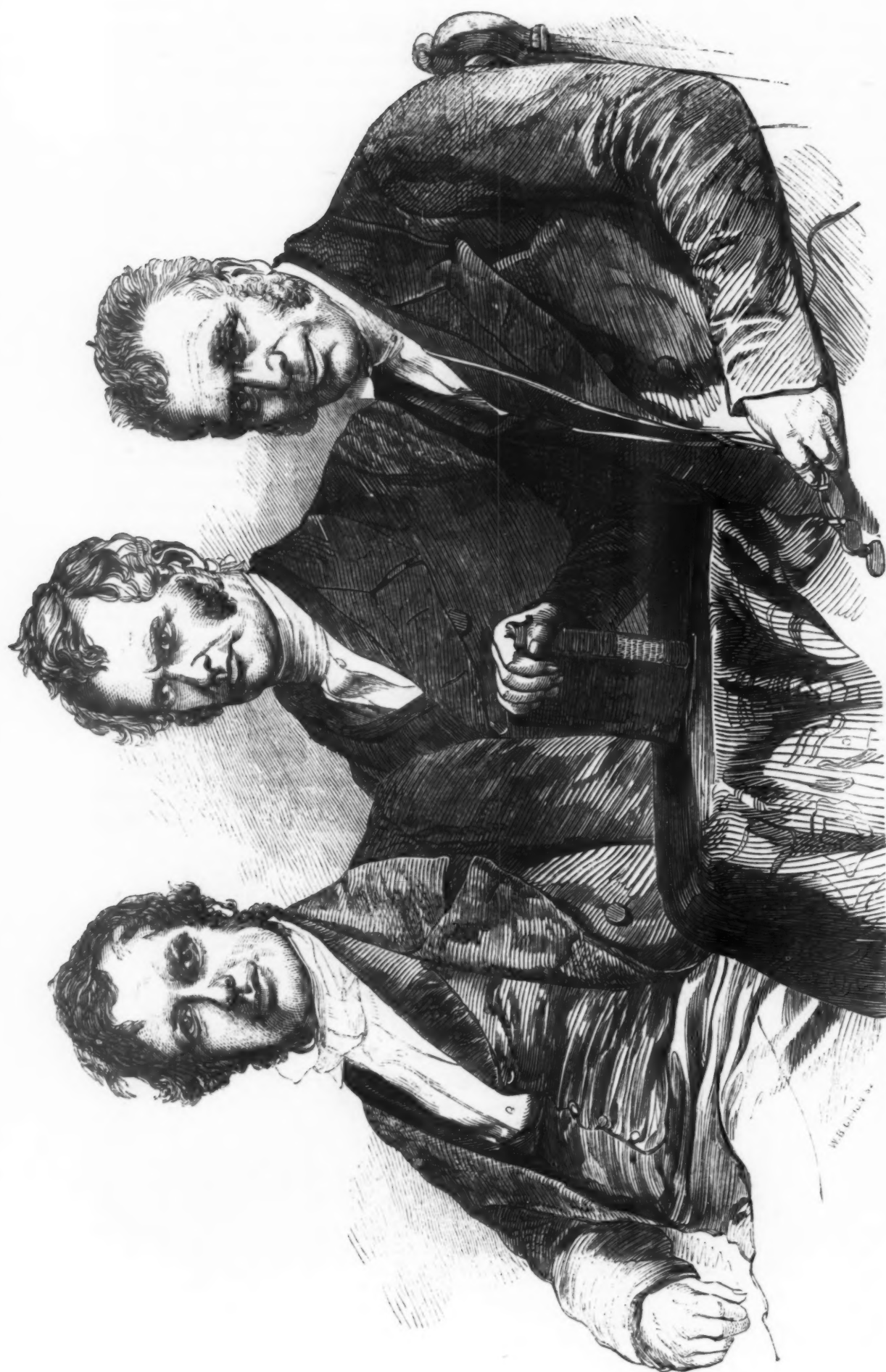
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THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

"Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads that pass thereby;
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh."

THOMSON.



REV. WILLIAM GRIFFITH, JR.

REV. SAMUEL DUNN.

REV. JAMES EVERETT.

THE THREE EXPELLED WESLEYAN MINISTERS.—(See page 326.)



FASHIONS.—(See also page 379, etc.)

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. V.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1849.

No. 6.

TO FREDERIKA BREMER.

BY MISS SARA H. BROWNE.

WHEN America bids you welcome, sweet Lady of the Norseland, it is not as a stranger. With the lineaments of your countenance, to be sure, she cannot assert familiarity, but then how small a portion of one's individuality is the face! Useful indeed it is to its possessor, and pleasant to look upon as the medium of noble, or gentle, or playful emotions; but ah! how much may be learned of a human being with no knowledge of the physical outline! The soul can speak with a voice so clear and far-resounding that "nations, and tongues, and people" catch the strain and echo it from heart to heart till the speaker is lost in what she has spoken! Thus is it, Lady of the Norseland, between you and America, when she takes you by the hand to greet your first footstep on the soil.

The great, the rich, the titled sometimes come from the Fatherland to view our cities, our forests, our lakes, our foaming cataracts, our lofty mountains, our interminable caverns. The splendour of their retinue and appointments dazzles the eye as they dash from object to object. They stare at this, wonder at that, dance a few measures at somebody's fancy ball, dine with a bevy of our millionaires, shake hands with their wives and daughters, and are off in the next steamer to write a book of travels! And it is well thought of, this book of travels; for it reminds the American reader of what he had otherwise speedily forgotten, viz., that the author has actually been and gone! Few heard of him before he came—few saw him—few cared to recollect him when he had taken leave, and save a smile or two awakened by the book of travels, he is altogether as though he were not. Such travellers must ever be strangers—when they come, and while they

tarry, and when they depart. No bosom swells joyfully at the mention of their names, if indeed they are mentioned out of the small circle which has been in personal contact. They have done nothing, said nothing, attempted nothing which deserves daguerreotyping in a nation's memory, how lofty soever their station, how noble their descent; and they must be content with the tribute of forgetfulness!

But when FREDERIKA BREMER declares her resolution to cross the world of waves which roll between us and the Norseland, and the papers, circulating in the huts and hamlets all over our broad land, echo that intention, an emotion of a different kind is stirred, and thousands of glad young voices from the cabin as well as from the villa, exclaim, "Welcome to her!" There is no need to explain who she is, or whence she comes—there is not a hamlet in all the land where the question could not be intelligently answered, accompanied with a hearty "God bless her!"

What has made the difference between them? between these scores of gay, and proud, and rich, and great, who move among us like meteors from time to time, and this one woman, whose soft and steady starlight has reached us long before the path of her orbit had brought her hitherward, to shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day?

He has made it, Lady of the Norseland, who anointed you high priestess of the affections in their truest and purest exercise! He who inspired your pen to consecrate and sanctify the Home! He who constrained you to pour out from its full fountain such rills and rivers of Love and Concord, of Peace and Hope, and every element of the better life!

Then come among us, and be sure of a benediction. Come to our cots as well as to our palaces—to our wild woods as well as to our gardens—to our hearts as well as to our hearths, and you shall find that we too have our "Homes," our "Brothers and Sisters," our "Neighbours," our Lares and Penates, with their shrines and vestals, our loves and lovers, our jealousies and fears, as well as all gentler and lovelier emotions. Come and see.

From the class which the writer of these lines would represent, a welcome especially sincere and warm will everywhere await you. Homes like hers you have entered again and again with a soft and soothing tread—communicating a peace and joy, a contentedness with life and labour and care—a knowledge that others have borne our burdens of grief and disappointment, have wept our tears and endured our agonies, have cherished our hopes and aimed at our mark; impressing too a conviction that others will yet find strength and courage, faith and fruition, from balmy words welling up from a loving heart, and dropping like diamonds from sweet sympathizing lips! Lone dwellers with nature are we—afar from

tower and town, from noise and bustle and business; with forest and lake, hill and village for our wild landscape, with needle and books, music and flowers for society, through the long winter without a "Midnight Sun." Lights that have burned around the hearthstone have been here and there put out. A silvery head has lately gone from its "old armchair" to heaven. Alas! alas! in what Home will you not find one ever vacant chair? Hedvig too has gone, to make a heaven in a newly consecrated household; and sometimes we, the small remnant, repine for a little while, but anon, we are cheered, for we look joyfully onward and aloft, awaiting a sure reunion day; and sweet words, which your dear pen has traced, teach us lessons of Life, of inner, deeper, spiritual Life, whose peace and repose, like a broad still river, sweeps along until it is lost in the ocean depths of Eternity and God!

Yes, you have made blessed such homes as ours. Come to them, and make them lighter and lovelier, by starting an echo of your own human voice, and a reflection of your own human smile, and we will love you better—and for ever!

THE EXPELLED WESLEYAN MINISTERS.

BY JOHN WOODRUFF.

(See Engraving.)

THE three reverend gentlemen whose portraits are here given, James Everett, Samuel Dunn, and William Griffith, Jun., have, by the recent extraordinary acts of the English Wesleyan Conference, attained a notoriety and a popularity which their confessedly superior abilities could never have secured for them.

We may briefly narrate the circumstances to which they are indebted to their present painful, yet enviable position; for, though excommunicated by their reverend brethren of the Conference, they are regarded by the vast body of the Wesleyan people as sufferers in a righteous cause, and as animated by the highest principles.

Some four or five years ago, a publication reflecting on the executive of Methodism, was privately circulated amongst the preachers and some of the leading laymen of the body. It was continued for the three succeeding years. In 1847, the Conference, instead of passing by the anonymous pamphlet as unworthy of notice, which would have been a prudent course, or of boldly meeting the allegations, made inquisition for the authors. This object was sought by

permitting a declaration to be issued, for the voluntary signatures of those preachers who wished to disclaim connexion with the "Fly Sheets," the pamphlet in question.

A considerable number refused to attach their signatures. At the late Conference, that which before was permissive was virtually made obligatory. Many still refused, amongst the number the three expelled. A verbal answer was then required to the question, "Are you the author of the 'Fly Sheets?'" The three refused to comply with the inquisitorial interrogatory, and were expelled. Others, who took the same ground, have been retained, but degraded.

The three gentlemen appeared at Exeter Hall on the evening of Friday, Aug. 31, when they laid their case before the public. Mr. Everett is between 60 and 70 years of age; Mr. Dunn, about 50; and Mr. Griffith, perhaps, a few years more than 40. They have been Wesleyan ministers for the periods of 43, 30, and 20 years, respectively. We give some notices of these gentlemen, gathered from the English papers.

Mr. Everett has for several years resided in York, the state of his health preventing him from engaging in the regular work of the ministry, though he has been in "labours more abundant." As a preacher he is deservedly popular, and his ministrations have been much sought after. His discourses are rich in evangelical sentiment, abound in apt and forceful illustration, and, while occasionally distinguished by quaintness of language and thought, are always full of poetic imagery. They well sustain the description given by a reviewer, years ago, of one of Mr. Everett's productions—they are "the poetry of prose." His manner in the pulpit is calm and dignified, giving to the hearer the impression of one who feels himself at home, especially at the opening of his sermon; while his animated address and fervid appeals, as he warms with his subject, as sensibly declare that he is not a mere actor, but that he feels the responsibility of his office. On the platform he is still more effective: there his varied powers are brought into play. A contemporary, speaking of him, says, "We have heard no man, for effect, to be compared with Mr. Everett, who remarkably combines the peculiarities of two distinguished men—the late Mr. Crabbe, the poet, and Sir Charles Wetherall, of forensic and senatorial renown. Mr. Everett resembles both the outer and the inner man of the celebrated author of the 'Tales of the Hall.' Epigram, antithesis, simile and sarcasm, dry humour and withering satire, rush on in a mingled stream through the whole of his oration, interspersed with flashes of brilliancy which, while they irradiate the subject, dazzle and delight the hearer. He greatly resembles Sir Charles Wetherall in his air and manner, burst and pause, and other features which can hardly be described. His oratory is of a character which addresses itself to the whole man—the understanding, the fancy, and the heart. He is occasionally in a high degree declamatory, but by no means too much so; he never declaims till he has proved, and, having impressed his point, there is an end of it. He is, moreover, not less gifted with the physical attributes of eloquence. His voice is one of great compass, full of flexibility, and under the most perfect command; he delivers himself with an energy scarcely inferior to that of Billy Dawson (the subject of one of his biographies) himself; and, like the late Dr. Chalmers, and (according to Cicero) the orators of ancient times, occasionally, in the more vehement parts, he stamps with his foot, while he thunders and lightens, shaking all around him. 'In a word,' as Southey said of Whitfield, 'he is a consummate master of all the arts of popularity.' In his rapid surprises and transitions, which operate with

magic effect upon an audience, he strikingly reminds the auditor of the late Daniel O'Connell, while he has all that great speaker's fearlessness, unbounded self-command, and perfect mastery over his hearers." Mr. Everett has been distinguished as an author: his "Village Blacksmith," "Walls-end Miser," lives of "William Dawson," "Daniel Isaac," and "Adam Clarke," besides sundry smaller publications, are very popular.

He is very industrious, and has, we believe, collected a large mass of curious and valuable records of the past. He is, besides, "a great lover of the antique," and has a passion for old relics; will travel a great distance, and expend much labour to secure the smallest trifle decidedly antediluvian, and will, probably, like others who ride hobbies, in his eagerness to possess the coveted treasure, fail to discern that it bears indubitable evidence of being considerably postdiluvian in its origin. It is said that his warm personal friend, Dr. Adam Clarke, was wont to twit him unmercifully upon this foible: and, in one of his letters, requested Mr. Everett to send him, should he meet with it in hunting through the "curiosity shops," "the horn-book out of which Eve taught Cain his letters." In person Mr. Everett is stout without being corpulent, and rather over the middle height.

Mr. Dunn is somewhat slighter in person, is singularly modest in his mien, and seems, says one, "transparency, integrity, and love personified." He states his points with great accuracy and clearness, exhibits his details with close consecutiveness, and argues irresistibly. His speeches read remarkably well, and tell on an attentive auditory. As a preacher, we believe he ranks high, and is universally beloved by the people to whom he has ministered. During the last three years he has been stationed in the town of Nottingham. Mr. Dunn is well and favourably known to the religious world by his various publications.

Mr. Griffith is in person tall, and of massive proportions. He is less polished exteriorly than his two fellow-expelled, but possesses a mind of no ordinary strength and range. As a public speaker he is effective, and, when excited, likely to carry the feelings of his audience with him. As a preacher, he has been exceedingly effective, especially amongst the working and uneducated classes, with whom he sympathizes deeply. His manners are frank, and his whole bearing open, honest, and manly.

The "triumvirate" are altogether men of mark; and, without expressing an opinion as to the act of the Wesleyan Conference which expelled them, we think it ought to have hesitated before it had dispensed with the services of such men.

MR. ELWORTHY'S HEIRS.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER VIII.

DUTY AND HAPPINESS.

IN a few days, Mrs. Mildmay and her daughter were pleasantly established in the neat and tasteful cottage, and Honour was duly installed as the mistress of the girls' school. With her engagement in new duties, a new vitality seemed to flow through her veins, a new light sparkled in her soft, mild eyes, a new elasticity was imparted to every step and motion. She had been born to *independence*, in one sense—for her father died possessed of an ample fortune, and his widow and daughter were his sole heirs. The reader already knows that, by a single blow, struck at a moment when her heart was freshly bleeding from the sorest wound a woman's heart is capable of sustaining, this precarious independence, proverbially ever on poised pinions, had vanished away. The widow and the orphan, however, had a Rock of surer trust on which to anchor than merely a human arm, or the garnered treasures of Indian mines and royal coffers. "Blessed is the man that trusteth in *Thee*," was a lesson they had learned while the sunshine of prosperity and worldly abundance was still unclouded above them; and now in the dark hour of adversity it became a living and palpable truth, written on every event that had directed their way to the sweet seclusion of Almon-dale. This providential introduction to personal and active duties at Almon-dale had raised Honour Mildmay to a *positive* independence, which the wealth of an empire could not have conferred upon her. The consciousness that God had sent her into one of the most important departments of his moral vineyard, awakened within her soul a complication of latent energies, and developed a moral power which would have lain smothered under circumstances of personal ease, and would have been buried with her in the coffin, leaving but a faint trace on human life, when it was her duty to strike a strong and ineffaceable impression,—an impression that would stand nobly against all the rough abrasions of time, and the subtle poison of vicious influences, and inlay long and glowing passages on the tablets of immortality. She was happier than ever in her life before, as from day to day she gathered about her the simple-hearted daughters of her patron's tenantry, with their bright

eyes and sunny faces,—listening to every word she uttered, as if her "lips dropped pearls and diamonds,"—as indeed they did drop what was far better than gold or precious stones,—the treasures of wisdom. The "bairns" were all prepared to love her, from her first visit to their humble homes, and inch by inch her influence became so imperceptibly powerful, that her words, her smiles, her soft and winning manners, were caught by pupil after pupil, and thus a refinement and a polish crept from cottage to cottage, promising, in process of time, to impart to a community of tenants almost the aspect of high-bred society.

Scarcely was Mr. Elworthy himself, the beloved "maister," more welcome at the cottages in the dale than the sweet young school-mistress and her gentle mother; and the flood of happiness and real satisfaction that poured in perpetual streams into their own hearts, while they were enlightening and elevating immortal minds, and diffusing happiness all around them, was a genuine reward. It made them forget bereavements, and losses, and disappointments, in the rich and heaven-descended luxury of being co-workers with God in unlocking the energies of mind, and increasing both the detail and the aggregate of human enjoyment. O the luxury of self-forgetfulness in this world of self-idolatry! The luxury of laying aside to their uneasy slumbering, and ever too ready wakefulness, individual sorrows and trials, and misfortunes, that a wide, world-embracing benevolence may set up its empire in the heart. The godlike luxury of bursting away from the narrow enclosure of individual enjoyment, leaping down from the Babel-battlement of selfishness, and sending out the sympathies, and the light of a warm, loving, and genial human heart, reflecting its radiance from the sun that has arisen to illuminate all the deep darkness of the moral world.

So thought Honour Mildmay, when, in her hours of calm and holy meditation she looked back over the path by which the Lord had led her, and forward through the vista of laborious usefulness that opened before her vision, and even with her eyes turned to the sore trials that had obscured her hopes almost in their springing and dashed away the cup of happiness she had raised to her lips, she could still look heavenward, and almost with pious rapture exclaim,—“Bless the Lord, O my soul,

and forget not all his benefits!"—or, in the language of our own devout Cowper—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
Ye fainting hearts, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are rich with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head."

It is hardly to be supposed that Mrs. Mildmay and her daughter forgot, in their intercourse with the rude and unpolished tenantry of Almon-dale, that a slope from a far higher grade in society had led them down thither, or that visions of a widely different sort sometimes danced before Honour's mind, when she thought of herself, as once the affianced wife of Frederic Herbert, and of the lofty and glittering path which she had fancied her footsteps would traverse by his dear side. But she banished such thoughts, and barred her heart against their intrusion, for they would irresistibly tear open those deep and cankering wounds, which it was the labour of her life to heal. Mr. Elworthy was all kindness and attention,—nothing was neglected which could promote the comfort and happiness of her mother and herself. The cottage wore an aspect of real luxury, and every suggestion relative to the improvement of the school, or the beautifying the grounds about the cottage and the Hall, was followed out with an alacrity and interest which was the best testimony of confidence, and which also demonstrated how much pleasure Mr. Elworthy enjoyed, not only in communicating happiness, but also in the sympathy of a taste even more refined and elevated than his own. And yet all his intercourse with these ladies was exceedingly reserved though assiduously considerate. Toward Mrs. Mildmay he was usually social and companionable,—toward her fair daughter he was kind, gentle, and attentive as a father, but almost formal and distant in his whole demeanour.

In this quiet and peaceful channel things moved on through the lapse of the beautiful summer months. Mr. Elworthy was often absent on business which appeared sorely to perplex him, but on his return home he always seemed soothed and delighted by Miss Mildmay's animated history of her school, and her accurate and elegant report of business which he often intrusted to her. Though he never conversed with her except on subjects relating to her school or to business, her presence always restored his mind to a kind of peaceful happiness; and when he entertained visitors at the Hall, he never seemed satisfied and at rest till Mrs. Mildmay and her daughter were of the party; and then he gradually began to

feel at liberty to relax his own part in conversation, and quietly to enjoy the pleasure which the presence of an intelligent and high-bred woman always imparts, and the fresher and more joyous happiness which springs upon the footsteps of youth and loveliness. Perhaps the thought of his own dead Elinor, developed into a sober and careful matron,—the mother of brave sons and sweet daughters, who might have grown up the light and the ornament of his dwelling,—but if such thoughts awakened natural sorrow, they also brought the consciousness which carried such holy resignation to a royal mind—"Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy law."

CHAPTER IX.

EARLY in the autumn an event occurred at the Hall which broke in upon the calm and quiet happiness Mrs. Mildmay and her daughter were enjoying. Preparations had been all along making at Mrs. Dutton's for the marriage of the pretty Elinor, and in her letters to her brother-in-law, Elworthy, that managing mother had most adroitly intimated that the privilege of his purse would be very convenient, if he were disposed to make such donations as would befit the nuptial occasion of the namesake of his dear wife. Mr. Elworthy opened his purse with a munificent liberality, and Miss Elinor's wedding was to outshine in splendour and display all the preceding weddings, as much as Miss Elinor's lover was supposed to outshine all the other lovers who had ever been decoyed into the Dutton family, by a golden bait held out at Mr. Elworthy's expense. A very grand and gay wedding it was to be—to the great delight and encouragement of Mrs. Dutton, who began to grow positively impatient for the fatal issue of that long-bemoaned "heart difficulty"—to the great jealousy of Dr. and Mrs. Beauchamp, and to the utter disdain of Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright,—the only sentiment in which they had ever cordially united.

The letter which brought to Mr. Elworthy an earnest and most affectionately worded invitation to Elinor's wedding, also contained the intelligence from Mrs. Dutton that "dear, good, generous Squire Cheatham, had been so very considerate, in view of the illustrious connexion his partner was about to form—a connexion no less illustrious than with a niece of the beloved and renowned Mr. Elworthy—as to consent to his absence on this interesting occasion, just as long as he thought proper; and of course the happy pair could not think of anything but the duty and the happiness of spending the first blissful month of their married life, with a relative so honoured and respected as their

beloved Uncle Elworthy—to cheer for a little while his solitary and desolate home with the joyousness of lightsome youth and gladness, and to introduce to his acquaintance and friendship, a young gentleman so every way excellent beyond description, as my son-in-law elect, Mr. Frederic Herbert. No mother ever had greater reason for pride and thankfulness than I,” continued Mrs. Dutton’s epistle, “in seeing my dear daughter, and your favourite niece, so enviably married; and I shall do myself the honour and the pleasure to accompany the dear children, so wild with their happiness, to the sweetest and quietest spot in all the world—the good old Hall of Almon-dale!” The letter proceeded, as her letters usually did, to state how much the love of nature and seclusion was growing upon her, as her anxieties for her family diminished; and that she really thought when Natalie had had her chance, she should turn recluse, and beg a cloister at Almon-dale; to all of which Mr. Elworthy said, “Hem!” and wrote that he should be happy to receive Mrs. Dutton’s family as his guests, but that he could not possibly attend the wedding.

The bridal party arrived. Mrs. Hawes had been bustling about for many days previous, running back and forth to Mrs. Mildmay’s cottage, to ask advice about this, that, and the other anxious that the honour of the “maister’s” hospitality should be abundantly sustained; and the “maister” himself had solicited of Miss Mildmay that she would do him the favour to arrange his reception rooms according to her own taste, with the assurance that everything she did would meet his approbation. And when he received his visitors, and heard their exclamations of delight at the unusually social and inviting aspect of the rooms, and heard them declare he must have been propitiating the visit of some fairy, I am not quite sure, but that in the inner chamber of his own thoughts, he acknowledged to himself the same statement; but no human eye was privy to the confession.

The young bride and bridegroom of course had neither eyes nor ears for anybody but themselves, though Mrs. Dutton playfully rebuked their folly, and reproved them that they took no more pains to please and interest Mr. Elworthy. As all this was lost in the glow of their admiration of each other, Mrs. Dutton undertook to play the agreeable to Mr. Elworthy, an experiment she had often tried before, and as often completely failed. Finding him disposed to be taciturn, she was suddenly seized with an intense solicitude for the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of his dear tenantry; and above all, “How were his schools prospering? Had he obtained a competent mistress? Everything depended on the mistress!”

Mr. Elworthy replied to the hypocritical

inquiries, that all was flourishing finely, to the joy of his heart; and that he had been so fortunate as to employ ladies so fully competent, he never hesitated to intrust any business connected with the school entirely to their discretion.

“And who are they? do tell?” urged Mrs. Dutton; “people of quality, in poverty and misfortune, I presume?”

“Mrs. Mildmay and her daughter, late from Hastings,” replied Mr. Elworthy, “very high-bred people I should judge. They have never said anything to me about poverty or misfortunes. As to the fact, I am unable to say—”

Frederic Herbert started. “Mildmay, did I understand you, sir?” he interrogated, turning himself a moment from the silly fondling of his bride.

“Mildmay,” responded Mr. Elworthy. “Do you know them?”

“O!—ah!—well—no—sir—probably not,” stammered the lawyer, who began to feel excessively uneasy and uncomfortable—lest a very unpleasant recognition was before him. “No—probably not—there were people of that name in N—, but I knew of none in Hastings.”

“These ladies were formerly from N—,” coolly remarked Mr. Elworthy, not observing the young gentleman’s uneasiness. “Perhaps you will have the pleasure of recognising old acquaintances, instead of finding us all strangers, sir.”

Elinor laughed, and whispered in her husband’s ear, that “she should smile to see him recognising a school ma’am!” Mrs. Dutton overheard the sneer, and frowned at her, and Mr. Herbert wriggled about on the sofa, and replied,—

“Don’t think it is possible, sir, they lost every penny by the bankruptcy of Harriman and Payne, and went off to some of their relations, or somewhere.”

Yes, yes, they did go “somewhere,” Mr. Frederic Herbert, and the reader well knows that you, with your base unfaithfulness in your heart, could wish it were *anywhere* but at Almon-dale!

Mr. Elworthy announced that he had invited Mrs. Mildmay and her daughter to dine at the Hall the following day, and though the mother had excused herself on account of indisposition, he hoped the young lady would favour them with her society, as she seemed to be very sensible and agreeable. Mr. Herbert grew more and more restless,—Elinor sneered about the society of tenants and schoolma’ams almost perceptibly,—Mrs. Dutton fluttered and looked beseechingly at her daughter, as if she would telegraph, “Have an eye to your inheritance, child, and love schoolma’ams or anything else, for *its* sake!” And then she expressed herself “delighted at the opportunity to make the

acquaintance of such worthy people; it always encourages them so much to take a little notice of them; and for her part she loved above all things to encourage modest worth."

"Hear mamma's fib," whispered Elinor to her husband, drawing a little nearer to him on the sofa.

Mr. Elworthy fully understood all but Mr. Herbert's part in the scene, but passed it over in a grave and polite silence.

Mrs. Mildmay and her daughter had received very definite impressions of the character of Mr. Elworthy's visitors, from the history delivered by Mrs. Peggy on their first arrival at the Dale; and they felt satisfied that their society would be looked upon as degrading, and they resolved to absent themselves as much as possible from the Hall, while the bridal party should remain; as nothing was more revolting to their sensitive refinement, than to be regarded as intruders upon people who arrogantly felt it to be a condescension even "to look down upon them." Herbert's name had never been mentioned, and the surprise and distress of meeting him was still in reserve.

The following morning was spent by the visitors at the Hall in listlessness and lounging. Mr. Elworthy invited the bridegroom to ride over his estate with him, and took infinite pains to divert him, and to "draw him out," but he was disposed to be diverted by nothing but the childish love prattle, and the *witless* witticisms of his new bride, and seemed both restless and abstracted. As the dinner hour approached, he grew only more silent and abstracted—so that Elinor playfully patting his cheek, and softly stroking his smooth black hair, declared she "already began to be jealous of the school-ma'am—Miss What's-her-name." This sally roused within him a conflict he found it very difficult to conceal, and in the midst of this caressing scene, Miss Mildmay, escorted by Mr. Elworthy, made her entree. She was introduced first to Mrs. Dutton, who rose to encourage any timidity she might feel in thus being ushered into the presence of her "superiors." Herbert, too, rose, and his usually haughty eye, fell beneath the single glance Honour bestowed upon him; and then the hot blood mounted to his hair, and he felt the perspiration creeping out all over him. Miss Mildmay would have controlled every tell-tale emotion, if she had not been taken so completely by surprise. Before she could recover herself, every trace of the rose and the ruby retreated from her cheek and lip; and then the scalding torrent came bounding back, till she felt as if the beating of her heart and the throbbing of her temples were distinctly audible. It was all, however, the history of an instant. In a moment she recovered her

self-possession, though every wound in her heart had been so suddenly torn open; and with a calm and queenly dignity that gave her full triumph over her false and recreant lover, she recognised him simply as a gentleman with whom she had but a slight and passing acquaintance. With a delicate generosity, she tried to relieve his embarrassment, which he would have given all his hopes of a fortune from Mr. Elworthy to hide—adverted only to such topics as were intended to lead his mind away from reproachful reminiscences, and every moment rose higher and higher in his respectful admiration.

Mrs. Dutton talked to her patronisingly of her school and the tenants, supposing of course that a schoolmistress could wish to talk of nothing else, even if she were capable—hinted at the great obligations Miss Mildmay was under to her dear brother-in-law Elworthy, and charged her to be religiously faithful to the trust he had been so good as to commit to her. Honour's cheeks tingled and burned, and it seemed almost impossible to maintain her composure. Elinor stared at her with a slight curl on her lip, yawned and said nothing at all. O how the poor girl longed for her visit at the Hall to be over—never in the world ticked the clock so slowly—never had she waited so long and so impatiently for the chimes from the village church! How thankfully she urged her mother's indisposition, for excusing herself at an early hour—indeed never was indisposition more opportune. When she rose to take leave, Mrs. Dutton, with the air of a duchess, bowed her out of the room. Mr. Herbert muttered something about seeing her again before their visit was out—Elinor said nothing but "good night," and Mr. Elworthy politely offered to attend her to the cottage, a service which she firmly declined, entirely to Mrs. Dutton's approval.

Mrs. Mildmay was in a gentle slumber when Honour reached home. She blessed that sweet repose, for the large, irrepressible tears would spring to her eyes, and the conflicting emotion in her bosom would have its way. Hours of agony she passed that night, but before she laid her head on the pillow, the battle was fought, and the victory completely her own. In the morning she could relate to her mother the incidents of the evening, with a brow as calm, and a lip as untrembling, as if the tempest of suddenly reawakened anguish had not so rudely swept over her, and for a few natural moments bowed her spirit to the dust. With the ministration of new grace and strength from attending angels, who ever encamp round about the good and the pious-hearted, the bruised reed had raised its head stronger and more flexible for its struggle with the storm. Honour could speak of Mr. Herbert, and meet him with as

much outward composure as if her youthful hopes had not all clustered about him—the bright and beautiful star of her destiny—only to be cruelly and remorselessly blasted. He had broken all his solemn and fervent vows—the vows that had been born in boyhood, and confirmed by the tenderest tokens of affection in manhood—he had forced back the wealth of love which he had sought and won, upon her own bleeding heart, and now he was the husband of another. Her intense and passionate attachment gave way, after its long nursing, before her pride; she felt that she had worshipped an unworthy idol; and, in the depths of her lofty soul, she began to disdain him. By all the sacredness of a first and fresh affection, rent and trampled upon, she had a *right* to disdain him.

Frederic Herbert was the slave of his own meanness and vanity—but he had a powerful intellect, and a fine appreciation of talent and intelligence in others; and the more he saw of Miss Mildmay—the more he contrasted her fine and commanding character, unfolded and made more lustrous by the presence of adverse circumstances, and the stern self-discipline she had practised, with the beautiful but flippant waxen doll he had exchanged her for, the more his old admiration returned upon him, even in forbidden circumstances. Under the fresh and “fragrance freighted” breath of honey-moon, his young wife wept jealous tears, and clung closer than ever to his side; and in a kind of passionate frenzy brought their visit to a very early and unexpected termination. Mr. Herbert was in the very zenith of his enjoyment of the sporting season, besides not being naturally a non-resistant—but Mrs. Dutton persuaded him, after much argument, that Elinor was childish and nervous, and besought for this once that she might have her way—she would for ever thereafter submit to his. Mr. Herbert ungracefully and sullenly yielded, and the visitors departed—to Mr. Elworthy’s inward satisfaction, and to the unspeakable relief of the cottage family, who had been seriously bored by Mrs. Dutton’s officious counsel, and Mr. Herbert’s frequent and protracted calls, which, though they were received with scrupulous politeness, could scarcely be imagined welcome. And they departed too without any suspicion that Mr. Elworthy was in danger either from intrigue or fascination; for, in every respect, his deportment towards his schoolmistress and her mother was as reserved and distant as they could desire.

CHAPTER X.

THE CONCLUSION.

A FEW incidents more, dear patient reader,

and you and I will cordially shake hands at parting—the few incidents which make up the denouement of my story.

One sunny day the following summer, the family at Woodbury were thrown into an unusual commotion, by the reading of a letter brought in by the mail. Mrs. Dutton was in a fury—she went into hysteric fits, and screamed, and almost imprecated—and then she hurried off to Squire Cheatham’s office, to inquire “if there was no way to institute proceedings against Mr. Elworthy for being insane, and to take measures to confine him in ‘Bedlam’ before it was too late!” Mr. Herbert, between whom and his lady Elinor, there had already begun to be foreshadowings of domestic disunion, grumbled about misrepresentations and cheats, and finally paid her the very delicate compliment to call her a fool. Mr. Cartwright laughed boisterously, and like the “rowdy” that he was, raved and swore in the very presence of ladies, and declared it was beautiful—he would have the pleasantest excuse in the world for bidding Mrs. Cartwright an affectionate farewell, and restoring such a piece of useless trumpery to her mother; to which Mrs. Cartwright retorted, “He might go and welcome—his back always looked better to her than his face!” Dr. and Mrs. Beauchamp said less, but they bit their lips in deep disappointment. And all this, because Mr. Elworthy, in the exercise of his most undoubted personal freedom, had informed the family that his nuptials with Miss Mildmay would be solemnized at a specified time, and invited the Dutton family with its branches to be present. Every opprobrious epithet in the whole catalogue was visited upon the innocent heads of Mrs. Mildmay and her daughter—“They were wolves in sheep’s clothing—they were snakes in the grass—they were upstarts—they were witches!” O what impotent wrath the letter excited!

At first they unanimously decided they would not take any notice of a man who was low enough to degrade his rank and his connexions by marrying a poor imp of a schoolma’am. You would have thought he had committed an outrage against all humanity to hear their execrations.—Alas! for the long-desired inheritance! Mrs. Dutton declared herself undone, and none of her sons-in-law offered a single word of consolation. On the whole, however, they concluded, after much discussion and many contrary counsels, that it might possibly, in the end, be better for them not to show their resentment too palpably, lest the *motive* might become evident—this was Mr. Herbert’s opinion, and he being a lawyer, might be supposed good at advice. Mr. Elworthy had not probably made his will since his new arrangements—he

might yet die without heirs in his own family, and it was politic to smother their indignation, and keep on the right side of him. So they all concluded to put on smiles and go to the wedding.

A great change had taken place at the Hall. The apartments which had so many years been closed and darkened in memory of the sad visit of the death angel, were now finished and beautified for a bridal. The marble chimney-pieces, and the carpets, and the furniture, were all put in the places designated by the first sweet mistress of the Hall, and Honour Mildmay, strikingly the image of the dear departed, as if she had wakened from her long slumber in the freshness of youth and beauty, before the eyes of resentful and disappointed "heirs," and an admiring tenantry, was transformed from her humble but honourable duties in the school, to preside over the Hall at Almon-dale.

After the marriage service, and before the guests departed from the church, Mr. Wilbraham, who was among the guests, rose and said he had been requested to invite the attention of the assembly to the papers which he held in his hand. The hearts of the several Duttons all mounted into their throats, and instinctively they inwardly clamoured, as did once a funeral assembly to the wily Mark Antony—"The will! the will! We'll hear the will!" The document stated that, in presence of all that goodly company as witnesses, Mr. Elworthy, the testator, devised the specified bulk of his worldly wealth, to his beloved wife, to whom he had just been joined in the holy bonds of matrimony—the same to descend to her heirs at her decease, without any reversionary provisions in favour of those who might claim to be his heirs-at-law if he had died intestate. Mr. Elworthy then stepped forth from the side of his bride, and set his name to the document, and also to two other copies of the same, which were delivered to the signing witnesses.

The Dutton family and branches gnashed their teeth with rage. And there was another "heir-at-law" who had stolen with sacrilegious foot within sacred precincts,—and who stood by the side of the victim of his villany, while the marriage covenant, in its holy spirit and form, was administered, and the will was read—and *he* gnashed his teeth and swore a horrible oath

in the house of God, and hissed with the malice of the "old serpent," and rushed out of the vestibule to the dark precipice overhanging the black pool below Tod's-gill, whence, with murderous purpose, he plunged unbidden into the audience-chamber of the Eternal. And Isabel Garr, months after, in her delirious wanderings, found his mangled body, dragged it out, and with her own hands buried it out of her sight, and then she sat down on the mound she had raised, and sang a wild and wo-begone requiem. Poor, ruined Isabel! Perhaps I will not find a more fitting place to tell my reader that she passed the remainder of her wretched life a harmless but crazy pensioner on the bounty of the sweet young mistress of Almon-dale Hall.

Not one of the expectant heirs suffered so intensely as Frederic Herbert. To him it was a signal defeat and humiliation. The very woman his ambition and unfaithfulness had so vitally injured, had soared to a position directly over his head, and her track had passed between him and the very object of his ambition, thus cutting him completely off. His anger and mortification were only enhanced by the ever-growing conviction that he was grievously mismated, and that his married life was ever to be an unequal contest with weakness and folly. But never were disappointed heirs more helplessly fettered. Any ebullition of the resentment that glowed like live coals within them, must, for decency's sake, be repressed, and made to wear the garb of congratulation and pleasure. "Pressing engagements," however, withdrew the guests from Woodbury at a very early date after the wedding, affording an opportunity to explode their pent-up indignation, though it were but fruitlessly.

And thus was settled all contention and dispute concerning the Elworthy inheritance. Virtue received a bright reward, and selfishness, pride, and covetousness, their merited punishment. Never was there a sweeter or more devoted wife than Mrs. Elworthy,—never was there a happier husband than the man to whose heart and home she became the joy and the sunshine,—and never a fairer circle of summer blossoms twined itself about the brow of Autumn, than sprang up in his household, the light of his meridian, the solace of his hoary years.

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.—BY STELLA.

O let the Painter's matchless art prevail,
Nor seek, in clearer language, to express
That touch of love and witching loveliness,
Which tells for hearts a softly cherished tale:
And unto fond remembrance cannot fail
To bring a dream, whose sweet and bright excess
Has made of life the crowning happiness,

Howe'er the present may be sad or stale:
When morn or noon love's fair occasions brought,
And honied vows and charmed persuasions wrought,
And wishful looks which never fall amiss,
Such change in maidenhood's reluctant thought—
Unlearned, how near her bower of sacred bliss
May come the serpent's trail and deadly hiss.



VICTOR HUGO.

PRESIDENT OF THE PEACE CONGRESS.

BY J. DWIGHT.

WE give a spirited likeness of this distinguished individual, whose recent political aspirations, and particularly his connexion with the "Peace Congress," have given him so prominent a place in the public mind. Some few notices of his earlier career will probably be acceptable.

Victor Hugo is the son of a general of some distinction in the service, and was born in 1802. Several years of his youth were passed in Spain, and his mind has always preserved a tint of the Gothic and Moorish spirit of that land. Upon repairing to Paris, he early distinguished himself by poetical essays, and by the laurels he gathered in the course of his attendance at the university. In 1822, he published the first volume of his *Odes*, and during the same year

entered the bonds of wedlock. In 1823, he gave to the public his first prose work, *Hans d'Islande*, a monstrous creation in the form of a romance. The second volume of his *Odes et Ballades* appeared in 1824; the third in 1826, in which latter year was published *Bug-Jargal*, a simple and affecting tale of the Negro rebellion at St. Domingo, and which he had partly written when yet a boy.

In 1827, Victor Hugo published his first drama, *Cromwell*, which he himself considered as the herald of a new dramatic school, and in the same year the poems called *Les Orientales*. The years 1828 and 1829 were devoted to the *Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, and to the two dramas of *Hernani* and *Marion Delorme*, the first of which was not performed until 1830, nor the latter until 1831. The *Last Day of a*

Condemned is an eloquent, harrowing appeal to humanity, invoking respect to human life, even when sullied with blood.

Notre-Dame de Paris made its appearance on the 15th of March, 1831. During subsequent years, the public witnessed successively the publication of the following collections of lyrics: —*Feuilles d'Automne*, 1832; *Chants du Crépuscule*, 1835; *Voix Intérieures*, 1837; and the *Rayons et les Ombres*, June 1840; also the following dramas —*Lucrèce Borgia*, 1833; *Le Roi s'Amuse*, 1834; *Marie Tudor*, and *Angelo*, 1835; *Ruy Blas*, 1839.

Of Victor Hugo's political career, we find the following interesting account in Mr. Corkran's History of the National Constituent Assembly, noticed in the last Number.

"Victor Hugo had been created a Peer of France by Louis Philippe, a short time only before the fall of the Monarch, and it was fondly hoped by his admirers, that the Upper House had been gifted with a Lamartine; which would have been a right royal gift. Victor Hugo was to have been a Lamartine only in the sense of an oratorical and literary rival. As a politician, his presence was to have made, what Hugo so much rejoices in, an antithesis. His steady monarchical brilliancies were to have outshone the eccentric Semi-Socialist flashes of the wandering star, that, having visited all systems, and dallied awhile within the sphere of their influence, resumed its lonely way through sublime solitudes, until it found a more powerful attraction in Robespierrian Republicanism—Robespierre with the idea *bien entendu*, and without the guillotine. Victor Hugo, it must be said in plain terms, failed in the Chamber of Peers. His eccentric bearing was not suited to an Assembly, where *convenance* presided with extreme rigour. Elderly gentlemen, who had passed into the Chamber through the magistracy, or the ministry, or the stern discipline of the camp, did not view with much favour the entry of a writer, whose freedom with history and, what is more sacred still in the eyes of even French courtiers, with language even, was not atoned for by his genius. That dangerous shaft, a *mot*, was shot over the head of the poet, more *spirituel* than anything he had ever himself said; for Victor Hugo, with all his acknowledged power, is not *spirituel*. By an allusion to the name of a tragedy which is one of the most absurd and grotesque perversions of history on record, and in reply to the question, Why did the King make Victor Hugo a Peer? it was said, *Le Roi s'amuse*. The qualities which had unfitted the chief of the romantic school of literature for the exclusive *bon ton* of the tribune of the Peers, might perhaps have served him with the National Assembly,

only that he had been a Peer, and one so fresh from the hands of Louis Philippe.

"An ode on the birthday of the Duc de Bordeaux likewise stood registered against him; for it is one of the responsibilities, as it is one of the penalties of genius, that no act it ever does can ever be covered with oblivion for the sake of personal convenience. Genius is doomed, by the rigorous fame awarded by the *vox populi*, to a glorious consistency of conduct. The great man can not be exhibited in fragments—he must be seen all of a piece. The brighter the light, the darker the spot, and the more fascinating to the eye. The poet laureate of the legitimate Heir to the Crown might, after a certain lapse of time, pay court to the Monarch of July; but it would be a temptation to public faith, to proclaim too abruptly his new-born Republicanism; a greater still to see him turn, with the levity of disappointed self-love, to a rising Imperialism. There can be no harmony in such a life, although it should be passed in the melody of the sweetest versification; nor could the richest painting of the imagination give tone to such a patchwork.

M. Victor Hugo is a born actor. His writings have the florid varnish of an acted style. The high gifts with which he has been endowed by Providence, have been perverted into a sleight of hand dealing with language. Where he might have soared, he has stooped to pick up odd discoveries, and make the queerest contrasts. His mind has become a kaleidoscope, and his tongue can only utter puerile conceits. He believes that he has discovered the antithesis, or that at least he has revealed its power, and he thinks, speaks, and acts, by a sort of double key—a new-found harmony created from a forced consonance of things, the highest with things the most mean. He swoops from an Alpine altitude, to pick up a bauble; and although he may display agility, he is no longer the eagle looking unblenchingly at the sun. In the Chamber of Peers, the Vicomte Victor Hugo acted with an overstrained, deferential courtesy. In the Assembly he tried to put on the air of a great champion, at one moment of the Republic, at another of endangered society. His large, prominent, fair, and remarkable brow, would seem charged with frowns; his voice would issue like avenging thunder, and his gestures perform their fitting accompaniments of extravagance. Yet he failed. With a good appearance, good voice, commanding action, and high fame, Victor Hugo utterly failed. More than once has he been driven from the tribune by clamorous impatience. Why? Because he is an actor; because he is artificial, vain, and inconstant; because he thinks more of himself than of his cause; because he is not animated by a lofty, self-sacrificing sincerity."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(From the Noel Bourguignon de Gui Barôzai.)

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I HEAR along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs;
Hark! they play so sweet,
On their hautboys, Christmas songs!
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

In December, ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Shepherds, at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

These good people sang
Songs devout and sweet;
While the rafters rang,
There they stood with freezing feet.

Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells
At this holy tide,
For want of something else,
Christmas songs at times have tried.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

Washerwomen old,
To the sound they beat,
Sing by rivers cold,
With uncovered heads and feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands
Stamps while he doth sing;
But he who blows his hands
Not so gay a carol brings.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

NOTES.

The following description of Christmas in Burgundy is from M. Fertiault's *Coup d'œil sur les Noels en Bourgogne*, prefixed to the Paris edition of *Les Noels Bourguignons de Bernard de la Monnoye (Gui Barôzai)*, 1842.

"Every year, at the approach of Advent, people refresh their memories, clear their throats, and begin preluding, in the long evenings by the fireside, those carols whose invariable and eternal theme is the coming of the Messiah. They take from old closets pamphlets, little collections begrimed with dust and smoke, to which the press, and sometimes the pen, has consigned these songs; and as soon as the first Sunday of Advent sounds, they gossip, they gad about, they sit together by the fireside, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, taking turns in paying for the chestnuts and white wine, but singing with one common voice the grotesque praises of the *Little Jesus*. There are few villages even, which, at this epoch,—during all the evenings of Advent, do not hear some of these curious canticles shouted in their streets, to the nasal sound of the bagpipes. In this case the Minstrel comes as a reinforcement to the singers at the fireside; he brings and adds his dose of joy (spontaneous or mercenary, it matters little which) to the joy which breathes around the hearth-stone; and when the voices vibrate and resound, one voice more is always welcome. There, it is not the purity of the notes which makes the concert, but the quantity,—*non qualitas sed quantitas*; then, (to finish at once with the Minstrel,) when the Saviour has at length been born in the manger, and the beautiful Christmas Eve is passed, the rustic piper makes his round among the houses, where every one compliments and thanks him, and, moreover, gives him in small coin the price of the shrill notes with which he has enlivened the evening entertainments.

"More or less, until Christmas Eve, all goes on in this way among our devout singers, with the difference of some gallons of wine or some hundreds of chestnuts. But this famous Eve once come, the scale is pitched upon a higher key; the closing evening must be a memorable one. The toilet is begun at nightfall; then comes the hour of supper, admonishing divers appetites; and groups as numerous as possible are formed to take together this comfortable evening repast. The supper finished, a circle gathers round the hearth, which is arranged and set in order this evening after a particular fashion, and which at a later hour of the night is to become the object of special interest to the children. On the burning brands an enormous log has been placed. This log assuredly does not change its nature, but it changes its name during this evening: it is called the *Suche* (the Yule-log). 'Look you,' they say to the children, 'if you are good this evening, Noel (for with children one must always personify) will throw down sugar-plums for you in the night.' And the children sit demurely, keeping as quiet as their turbulent

little natures will permit! The groups of older persons not always as orderly as the children, seize this good opportunity to surrender themselves with merry hearts and boisterous voices to the chanted worship of the miraculous Noel. For this final solemnity, they have kept the most powerful, the most enthusiastic, the most electrifying carols. Noel! Noel! Noel! This magic word resounds on all sides! it seasons every sauce, it is served up with every course. Of the thousands of canticles which are heard on this famous Eve, ninety-nine in a hundred begin and end with this word; which is, one may say, their Alpha and Omega, their crown and footstool. This last evening, the merry-making is prolonged. Instead of retiring at ten or eleven o'clock, as is generally done on all the preceding evenings, they wait for the stroke of midnight: this word sufficiently proclaims to what ceremony they are going to repair. For ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the bells have been calling the faithful with a triple-bob-major; and each one, furnished with a little taper streaked with various colours (the Christmas candle), goes through the crowded streets, where the lanterns are dancing like Will-o'-the-Wisps, at the impatient summons of the manifold chimes. It is the Midnight Mass. Once inside the church, they hear with more or less piety the mass, emblematic of the coming of the Messiah. Then in tumult and great haste they return homeward, always in numerous groups; they salute the Yule-log; they pay homage to the hearth; they sit down at table; and, amid songs which reverberate louder than ever, take this meal of after-Christmas, so long looked for, so cherished, so joyous, so noisy, and which it has been thought fit to call, we hardly know why, *Rossignon*. The supper eaten at nightfall is no impediment, as you may imagine, to the appetite's returning; above all, if the going to and from church has made the devout eaters feel some little shafts of the sharp and biting north wind. *Rossignon* then goes on merrily,—sometimes far into the morning hours; but, nevertheless, gradually throats grow hoarse, stomachs are filled, the Yule-log burns out, and at last the hour arrives, when each one, as best he may, regains his domicile and his bed, and puts with himself between the sheets the material for a good sore throat, or a good indigestion, for the morrow. Previous to this, care has been taken to place in the slippers, or wooden shoes, of the children, the sugar-plums, which shall be for them, on their waking, the welcome fruits of the Christmas log."

In the Glossary, the *Suche*, or Yule-log, is thus defined: "This is a huge log, which is placed on the fire on Christmas Eve, and which in Burgundy is called, on this account, *lai Suche de Noel*. Then the father of the family, particularly among the middle classes, sings solemnly Christmas Carols with his wife and children, the smallest of whom he sends into the corner to pray that the Yule-log may bear him some sugar-plums. Meanwhile, little parcels of them are placed under each end of the log, and the children come and pick them up, believing, in good faith, that the great log has borne them."

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY FRANCIS DE H. JANVIER.

"Could I remount the river of my years!"—BYRON.

ONE sweet spring morn, when skies were bright,
And the earth was green and gay—
When fields were bathed in golden light,
And feathery mist-wreaths, thin and white,
Were hung on cliff and mountain height,
Like chaplets twined by the hand of Night,
To bind the brow of Day—
All playfully along the wild,
Quaffing the breezes pure and mild,
A thoughtless, merry-hearted child,
I took my careless way.

That bright spring morn! The drops of dew,
Like orient gems of every hue,

Along the sward were cast,
And little violet-eyes of blue
Peered timidly the moss-beds through,
While countless flowerets, fresh and wild,
Raising their tiny faces, smiled

A welcome as I past.
The bright-winged birds, from every tree,
Poured strains of softest melody
Through the sweet solitude—
And thus, lured on by bird and flower,
I entered, through a cloistered bower,
A spreading, shadowy wood,
Where, springing from its secret cells,
Winding along the leafy dells,
Tinkling like chimes of silver bells,
A streamlet poured its flood—
A slender flood—a shining thread,
It purled along its pebbly bed,
And through the sylvan brake,
But, as it kept its onward course,
Still gathering breadth, and depth, and force,
I traced it till at length it spread,
A broad, bright, silvery lake.

Clapping my hands in childish glee,
I ran along the lakelet's side,
Which, to my vision, seemed to be
The margin of the boundless sea,
When suddenly I espied,
Beneath a spreading chestnut tree,
A light skiff, dancing merrily
Upon the glistening tide.
Shouting, I waked the echoes round,
And forward sprang, with one glad bound,
To reach the feathery oar;
Then, leaping lightly to the boat,
Feeling my little bark afloat,
I glided from the shore,
Which, in the distance, faded fast,
As, skimming along, I fleetly past,
And my gallant vessel gaily cast
The crystal waves aside—
While the rising sun which met my sight,
Beaming aslant o'er the mountain height,
Pencilled before me clear and bright,
A glittering path of golden light
Along the trembling tide;
And closely following in my wake,
Gleaming above each billowy flake,
Bright fish at play,
Mid the flashing spray,
Darted, like silver shafts, away,
Where'er my paddle plied!

The lakelet crossed, I past along,
Through an arch of lofty trees,
O'er a narrower current, deep and strong,
Where, mid green bowers, a shining throng
Of warblers poured, in ceaseless song,
Sweet music on the breeze;
Where flowers, in dazzling colours dyed,
Flinging sweet perfume far and wide,
Decking the banks of the river side,
Gracefully bent in the pearly tide
Their roseate leaves to lave,
While gliding past, with snowy sail,
The white swan wooed the fragrant gale
Along the rippling wave.

I floated on—the river spread
Wider and deeper than before,
And boldly now the current sped,
While fast receding from the shore,
My agile vessel swiftly flew,
When lo! uprising, met my view,
An angry cloud on the heaven's bright blue,
And a shadow it cast of a sombre hue,
The heaving waters o'er—
While the lightning glared the darkness through,
And I heard the thunder roar!

I floated on—the storm came fast,
The billows leaped in the furious blast,
And rain, and hail,
Athwart the gale,
Shot from the flaming skies,
While hideous shapes, among the waves,
Like spectres, waked from watery graves,
Around me seemed to rise!

Weary and weak, I floated on,
Mid the tempest's shriek, and the lightning's flash,
Mid the rushing waves, and the thunder's crash!—
My vessel o'erwhelmed, and my paddle gone,
I clung to the wreck, and I floated on!

* * * * *
The storm was past, and I stood on the shore,
And my boat was by my side,
And the bright sun beamed as it beamed before,
While a glittering bow,
With rosy glow,
Spanned the clear heavens, and poured below,
Its tints on the sparkling tide,
Till the billows rolled,
In crimson, and gold,
And dazzling azure dyed.
I stood on the shore,
But I feared no more
The terrible storm and its wild uproar;
And, carelessly singing a merry song,
I laboured well, and I laboured long,
Till my shattered vessel was staunch and strong,
And I fashioned another oar;
Then, ploughing aside the yellow sand,
I joyously launched from the sloping strand
My gallant boat,
And once more afloat,
I left the friendly land!

The river rolled on, mid a varied scene
Of mountains, and rocks, and islets of green;

But the verdant banks displayed few flowers,
And there sang not a bird in the sylvan bowers,
Save a desolate dove,
Who, lamenting her love,
Poured her wail through the weary hours!
Among the dark trees,
Moaned the murmuring breeze,
And white-breasted deer
Through the branches would peer,
But, with noiseless tread,
They suddenly fled,
Whenever my boat drew near.

Then there came a meek doe to the river's brink,
With a shaft in her bleeding side,
And, as she tremblingly bent to drink,
She fainted, and fell, and died!
And the emerald turf,
And the silvery surf,
Were stained with a purple tide!
Then I hurried past,
For my heart grew sick,
And my breath came quick,
And my tears fell fast;
I hurried past, and the sorrowful shore
Soon vanished from my view,
And now, the bounding billows o'er,
Right gallantly I flew;
For the tide ran faster than before,
And onward still, as my vessel bore,
I heard a rushing cataract roar,
While the current deeper grew!

'Twas a glorious sight,
As I neared the verge,
Where the stream in its might,
Rolled in billows of light,
While the sun beamed bright,
O'er the heaving surge!
For a range of rocks rose far and wide
Above the breast of the crystal tide,
O'er which the foam, like drifts of snow,
Dashed downward to the gulf below,—
While far above, the sparkling spray,
Gilt with the sun's refulgent ray,
Reflected back his radiant light,
In rainbow colours, rich and bright,
As though pure Peris, decked with flowers,
Were dancing there mid silver showers,
Studding the rain-drops with the gems
Which glittered in their diadems!

Fearless I rode the torrent o'er,
Regardless of its deaf'ning roar,
While boldly on my brave bark sped,
Leaping the rocks which lined its bed,
Borne on the billows, 'till at last
I floated below, and the flood was past!

Past! But, alas! 'twas the river no more,
With its bright blue waves and sylvan shore,

With its broad green banks and leafy bowers,
Its warbling birds and its fragrant flowers—
'Twas the bright, blue, beautiful river no more,
But a gloomy gulf, with a desolate shore,
And barren banks, which faded away,
In a dreary mist that over them lay—
And wearily now I laboured on,
For my spirit was sad, and my strength was gone!

Then backward I gazed,
With enraptured surprise,
Where the sinking sun blazed,
In the bright western skies—
Where the river still rolled,
Stained with crimson and gold,
While the mountains and hill-tops were bathed in its dyes!
And I turned my light boat, firmly grasping my oar,
And resolved to remount to the river once more,—
For I felt that the river alone could restore
The hopes I had lost mid the cataract's roar!
But I struggled in vain up the foaming ascent,
As the whirl of the wild waves my feeble oar bent,
For the stream rushing on with impetuous flow
Still cast my frail skiff to the eddies below—
Then aweary and worn, as I stood in my bark,
I saw the sun sink, and the waters grew dark—
But afar from the billows on which I was tost,
My heart wandered back to the joys it had lost—
To the meadow, the woodland, the brook, and the bowers,
To the glittering lakelet, the birds, and the flowers—
And lamenting the scenes which could meet me no more,
I fell down and wept by that desolate shore!

Long years have sullenly worn away
Since once, at the close of a sweet spring day,
A gentle child was seen to guide
A fragile skiff o'er that torrent's tide—
From rock to rock it tremblingly fell,
But he managed his little vessel well,
And, borne on the billow's furious flow,
Came safely down to the gulf below—
Then, turning his boat, he strove to regain
The river above, but he strove in vain,
And, aweary, he wept in his shattered bark,
As the night came on, and the gulf grew dark!

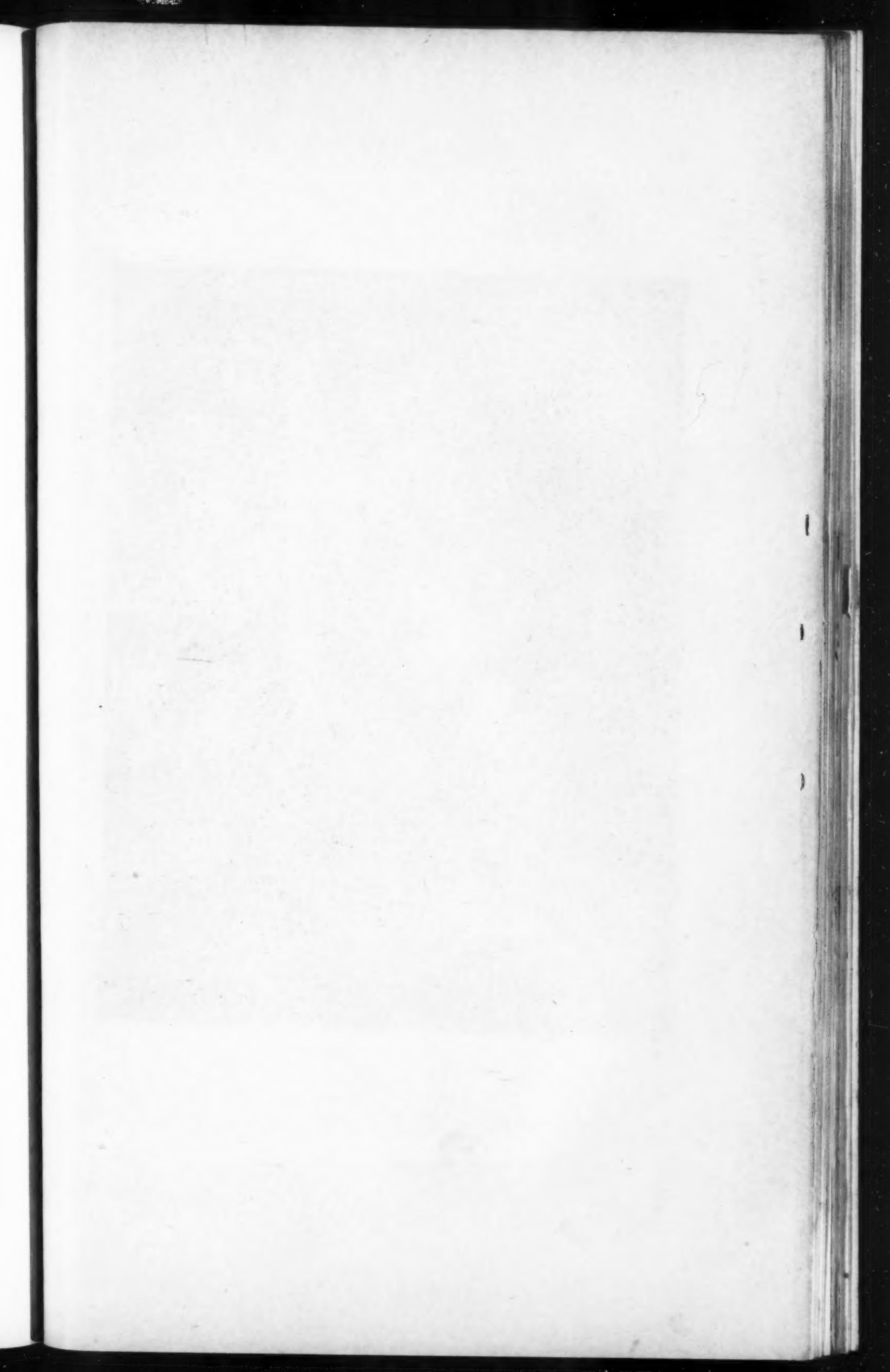
Long years have sullenly worn away,—
But ever, as on that sweet spring day,
You may see that frail skiff floating o'er
The billows which break on the desolate shore,—
But a gray old man, with a furrowed brow
And a trembling hand, guides the vessel now,—
And toilsomely still he strives to regain
The river above, but he strives in vain,
And his straining eyes are dimmed with tears,
As he pines for the bliss of his early years—
When over the river of childhood's day,
His light skiff gallantly glided away,
And, aweary, he weeps in his shattered bark,
As the night comes on, and the gulf grows dark!

LIFE.—A PROSPECT.

BY IGNATIUS L. DONNELLY.

I STAND like him who, in the days gone by,
From Darien's rocks looked o'er an unknown sea:
Below, the rising waves are tossing high,
And Passion's gales sigh out in prophecy;
Low murmurs o'er the billow's breast awake,
And storm-fraught waves in sullen quiet flow,
But still the sunbeams on the waters break,

And smiling skies look glad on all below.
I feel within what may make good or ill,—
Man's heart's the heaven whence clouds or sunshine come;
But shall the strong tides of the flooding Will
My lone bark bear, or sink it 'neath the foam?
Dark Ocean-Life, the night is on thy breast,
And Fortune urges where I may not rest.





WALTER TUCKER AND ZIP CCON ATTACKED BY PIRATES.

ROANOKE; OR, WHERE IS UTOPIA?

BY C. H. WILEY, AUTHOR OF "ALAMANCE."

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1849, BY C. H. WILEY, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

(Continued from page 282.)

CHAPTER XLIV.—(Continued.)

In a short time they were opposite and in hailing distance; and then it was that they were able to distinguish the child of the desert, now, as it seemed to both, in her pure white dress and garlands of wild flowers, infinitely more beautiful than they had ever seen her before. She was startled a little when she first heard their shouts; but quickly recognizing the voice of Walter, and having her geese under excellent control, she neared the shore, and greeted with a smile that shone through their hearts, her old acquaintances. Indeed the unexpected meeting lit up her countenance with an indescribable glow of pleasure; and as she sailed slowly along, near the shore, she and Walter talked over the past and present with a feeling which neither had ever experienced before. Almost before he knew it Walter had stumbled on her mother's cabin; but Utopia, quickly leaping ashore, took him by the hand, saying, "Welcome, Walter, to the dove-cote—and you, too, Mr. Coon, I welcome you both to our cottage in the woods."

"God Almighty bless you, my beautiful angel!" said old Zip, seizing her proffered left hand with both of his, and covering it with kisses; "I could die ten thousand deaths for you! aye, and wade through all the swamps in this accursed Carolina into the bargain!"

Walter was not long now in ascertaining from Mrs. Ricketts that she was then living with her second husband; but as the mysterious death of old Ricketts had not yet been explained, and she was still supposed to be in some way connected with it, he did not make known his knowledge of his relationship to her. Nor did he tell her of the death of Wild Bill, knowing that it would be a cruel blow to her; and knowing, too, that she might not, perhaps, in years find it out. He had not been long seated, when Utopia brought out her scrap book; and Walter saw that she was still improving in her art, and had continued down to the present time the history of their acquaintance. "Our adventure to-day will be

capital," she said; "and then, Mr. Coon, in his great bell-crowned hat and all covered over with mud, will look so funny!" "You may draw me as you will, my blessed little angel: draw me as you will, I'll be delighted to be in your company in any fix."

Thus they spent the day in gathering wild flowers, and taking views of the lake; Mrs. Ricketts in the meantime anxiously looking for the return of her husband from his hunting excursion.

Walter, Utopia and the Virginian, wandered some distance from the dove-cote, when suddenly two pistols were fired at the same instant, one ball whizzing through the face of Zip, and the other deeply grazing the left shoulder of Walter. The next instant two men sprang like tigers from the bushes; but the one who assaulted Walter, fell the next moment with the knife of that brave youth through his heart. To withdraw his weapon and give his foe another deadly stab, was the work of a few seconds only; and then turning to his friend, who was closely grappled with his antagonist, he endeavored to assist him. The Virginian, though a brave and a powerful man, had found his match; he was engaged, in a contest for life, with one not so tall, but stouter even than himself, his immense black whiskers and his bushy head, giving him, to Walter, more the appearance of a wild bison than that of a man. Over bushes and briars they rolled, crackling the brushwood, tearing down even small trees and plashing in the water; whirling so suddenly, and moving with such quick and rapid motions, that the young man could not strike or shoot, for fear of hitting his friend. Up, however, he rushed, dagger in hand, and as he did so, the hairy enemy seized him with his left hand, slamming him violently against Coon; and then by an immense exertion of strength, lifted both in his arms and endeavored to fling them into the pond. Zip went in, but Walter caught upon a tree and seriously injured his arm; and as the submerged Coon arose, his enemy rushed at him with a pistol in each hand. In an instant the Virginian's head

would have been riddled; but before his ferocious looking foe could cock his pistols, his own breast was pierced by a ball from Walter. He staggered sullenly towards a tree; and as he fell against it, Coon with a club, dashed out his brains. The survivors now proceeded to examine the dead; and in the first they were surprised to find a well dressed and genteel looking stranger. It was impossible to bring him to; he was already cold, though his countenance still wore the smooth placid look of life. Of the other also, they knew nothing, and were curiously examining him, when Utopia, who had fled screaming to the house, now returned with her mother and her mother's husband, Ike Harvey. This latter immediately recognised the unknown monster; and it was with a thrill of horror they heard that they had been grappling in mortal combat with Dick Cruder, a notorious pirate, and the terror of the coast. Having stripped them of their papers and their valuables, they flung their bodies in the lake; and as they did so, old Coon remarked, "Be thankful, there are two villains less! Strange," continued he, turning to Walter, "this Utopia makes a heaven wherever she goes; and yet the devils will follow her!"

From letters found on Cruder, and which were determined to be those of Rowton, though not signed, it appeared that the pirate had been the participator of all his secrets, his most trusted agent in all his plans of iniquity. It appeared, too, that he was determined to play Bladen false; that he had, himself, fixed his desire on Utopia, and had resolved that both she and Alice Bladen should, in time, make part of his Harem. Through him this very Cruder had assisted, for what reason Ike and Wild Bill knew not, in the escape of Mrs. Ricketts; he had in fact, insinuated himself into Ike's confidence, and now he had come to murder him and his wife, and assist in carrying off Utopia.

From these letters of Rowton Walter also learned important particulars in regard to the movements of the royalists; and as he was too badly injured to travel immediately, he despatched Coon in haste to the Whigs on the Cape Fear. The old fiddler was exceedingly averse to such an undertaking, after his experience of the swamps of Carolina; but visions of glory floated before his imagination, beckoning him onward, and so, after many instructions and a very affectionate embrace of Utopia, he took his leave.

CHAPTER XLV.

UTOPIA AGAIN—EXCELSIOR.

IMPATIENT as he was by nature, and anxious in the circumstances of the times, to be acting his part in the great drama going on, it may be supposed that Walter Tucker bore his confine-

ment in the midst of the Great Dismal Swamp with but little serenity of temper. Indeed, every thing considered, it would almost have been a miracle had he been satisfied with his position; and yet never did a man bear confinement or the painful cause of it with more equanimity than was manifested by Walter Tucker while lying disabled at the dove-cote on Lake Drummond. Though unable to ramble far through the woods, he was not too feeble to accompany Utopia in excursions on the lake; and it was during these that he often had occasion to admire the inexpressible sweetness and gentleness of her nature, the purity of her heart and the intelligence of her mind. Her heart threw its golden sunlight over all the objects of the material and moral world; and every beautiful sight and sound of nature touched in her breast a chord responsive.

Did she love? She loved the harmony, that to her mind, pervaded all created things; and the living embodiment of that harmony, the glory of the universe was in her eyes the companion with whom she now wandered about the shores of Lake Drummond. Love was a part of her being; she was a worshipper of that ideal beauty which, in the poet's imagination, clothes all the objects of the earth, dwells in all hearts, and breathes its spell in the changing seasons, the sun and moon and stars, the winds and waves, the flowers of spring and the fading leaves of autumn. To make a barbarous pun, she was a Utopian, and kindred in soul with the Utopians who had lived before her; the fair universe with its spangled firmament seemed, to her, to be made for the abode of immortals. To eat, to drink and sleep and die, seemed not to her the chief business, the destiny of her race. She fancied that it was born for higher and nobler purposes. Her longings were eternal, for her passions were the passions of an eternal mind; and the food of that mind, its highest and its only happiness was love, that love, boundless and immortal, which can spring only from an immortal source.—In all her intercourse with Walter there was a total forgetfulness of self, and a devotion to him that showed, or would have shown to an impartial observer that she was not by nature made to be alone; and even he, self-abasing as he was, and little as he thought of love, in connection with Utopia, began at last to wonder at her conduct. She lived, not in herself, but in him; and this was so natural to her, and so completely and for so long a time affected all her actions, that she absolutely became necessary to him. He did not reason on the matter, or think much about it,—Utopia had become his other self, and he could not be a moment without her.

The parting time came at last; and when it did come she had a thousand things to say to him that she had forgotten before. They talked over and over again every little incident connected with their intercourse; and then, with a hope of meeting soon, they parted. There were no silly

weeping and sobbing on the part of Utopia; there were no idle speeches about remembering each other, about sentiment, affection and such like.— There was a promise on his part to return soon; on hers an undoubting faith in all he said, a wish expressed that he might safely return, and a simple "good-bye" which fell from her lips like the parting benediction of an angel.

CHAPTER XLVI.

HISTORICAL.

EASTERN Carolina was in a state of intense excitement and alarm. Each of the antagonist parties had now thrown off all disguise; and the Demon of War stood, with torch in hand, ready to light the country in a blaze of ruin. The intrigues of Governor Martin, with numberless additions, were beginning to be brought to light; and those who knew most of these intrigues, believed that they had succeeded in surrounding the infant cause of liberty with a force that could not be resisted. Communication between different parts of the State was slow and difficult; and thus the patriots of different sections were left to rely on themselves, without the co-operation of their friends, and acting without reference to any general and concerted plan of resistance. On the other hand the plans of the royalists were wide in their scope and had been well matured; and they hoped, by a combined attack, by one grand swoop to crush rebellion in the Carolinas and Georgia. Depots of British arms had been formed in Florida; and from thence to the Virginia line the country was settled by tribes of Indians, all in the pay of the British Government, and ready to clutch the tomahawk and scalping knife on a moment's warning. Great fears were apprehended of negro insurrections, especially after the discovery of the plot of which mention has been made; some of the State forces had been marched towards Norfolk to head Lord Dunmore, who was making a demonstration on the northeast frontier; and the Scotch about Cross-Creek were arming for the combat. These people, who lived in the southern portion of the State, were a brave and warlike race, from the Highlands of Scotland; and among them were chiefs and clans with whose renown in arms, Scottish story and Scottish song have made the world familiar. They were the fierce men of Culloden; and among them were the McDonalds, the McLeods, and the Campbells. General Donald McDonald was their leader; and unfurling the royal standard, the shrill sound of the pibroch echoed among the pines, and quickly drew together an eager and martial host. These, it was expected, would march upon Wilmington, while Sir Henry Clinton was hourly expected to make his appearance in the Cape

Fear; and thus the patriots of that section, the most obnoxious to the British, had reason to regard themselves as in a perilous strait. The devoted band was, apparently, surrounded by a mighty cordon of enemies; they were cut off from their neighbors in other provinces, and beyond the reach of aid from their friends in Carolina. With an unfaltering resolution, however, they faced the danger before them; and taxing their energies to their utmost power, they sternly prepared for a desperate conflict. Matrons and maidens, and children of tender years, caught the enthusiasm of the times; and the letters written in that day, and private memoirs, as well as tradition, tell of deeds of heroism, and of hardships, and privations, voluntarily endured by the females, that endear the region of the Old Cape Fear to every gallant heart. While every family was thus "setting its house in order," and preparing to fight, as the Spanish Christians fought against the Moors; the first Continental regiment raised in the State, and under the command of the brave and skilful Colonel Moore, was marched to the west of the Cape Fear, to watch the movements of the Scots. It was not the policy of McDonald to encounter a fire in that region, desiring first to strike a blow at Wilmington, and open a communication with the British; and so he eluded a meeting with Colonel Moore, and stealthily advanced towards the intended theatre of his first operations.

Col. Alexander Lillington, at the head of a regiment of militia, raised about Wilmington, hastily proposed to march towards McDonald; and while he was getting ready for the field he received important intelligence. The messenger was no less a personage than Lieutenant Coon; a gentleman who grew ten years younger the instant that he heard Lillington give order for immediate preparation for the field. The Virginian's heart throbbed still more proudly when he found himself in a homely uniform with a few strips of tinsel on it; and as he drew the great cleaver by his side, he mentally resolved to baptize it in the first engagement, in the blood of at least twenty Englishmen, for the honor of old Virginny and of James' River.

CHAPTER XLVII.

AN UNPUBLISHED LEAF OF HISTORY.

MILITARY ardor is contagious; and thus even the philosophic heart of old Dan Tucker was fired with the spirit of the times. He had carried the faded victim of Rowton to New Berne, and there, while she enjoyed a lucid interval, he had her deposition taken, intending, if she should die, to ask to use it in his defence. She, poor girl, for a while improved under his attentions and those of their kind host, Mons. Dufrong; but while her mind seemed to recover from its fitful delirium, her

spirits drooped, and her health decayed. She became sad, taciturn, and fond of solitude: and one night disappeared, and was seen no more in New Berne. Old Dan, having this care off his mind, resolved to become a hero; and so he at once bestirred himself to raise a company. Col. Richard Caswell, who commanded the minute men of New Berne, promised to receive the old fiddler and his men as volunteers; and Dan, taking it on himself to commission his own lieutenants, conferred the first honor on his friend and admirer, Mons. Dufrog. The Carolina Inn was forthwith converted into a recruiting rendezvous; and the "groceries" of the proprietor, as well as the fiddle of Dan, were freely used to attract the adventurous. The old philosopher of Roanoke wore his starched dignity with an ill grace; but his first lieutenant would, in that capacity, have done honor to any service. War is the Frenchman's pastime; he takes to it naturally, and thus Mons. Dufrog was now in his proper element. He was all enthusiasm, he could n't sit, or stand, or walk; and his senior, Dan, was fifty times a day, made painfully aware of his junior's skill in cutting, pushing, and thrusting. Captain Tucker had desired his second in command to initiate him into some of the mysteries of the sword exercise; and after this, at the oddest times, day and night, he was constantly thrown into a fever of agitation by the everlasting *prenez garde*, and the glitter of the Frenchman's sword pointed at his throat. In time he learned how to cut down, without hurting himself, an unresisting foe; but the ranks of his company remained sadly thin. After a long effort, himself, his first and second lieutenants, and a fifer boy, constituted his whole command; and, to add to his mortification, he heard that Caswell, in consequence of important information, had suddenly taken up his line of march towards Wilmington. The cause of this movement was not generally known, though it was expected a battle would be fought; and to miss that battle would have broken old Tucker's heart, and have caused the Frenchman to commit instant suicide.

They determined, therefore, to follow after; and preparing themselves for a long campaign, they took the field. Small as was his command, Captain Tucker, as far as he knew them, observed all the rules of war: though he allowed himself the license of a fiddle, which was strapped on his back, and whose voice was every night heard in camp. This forlorn hope followed in the wake of Colonel Caswell; but so rapid were that officer's movements, that Dan's usual luck attended him. He was often nearly in sight of the flying regiment; but each morning as he would pass its still burning camp fires, a sad voice would whisper in his ear, "You're always too late, Mr. Tucker." But this voice did not chill his courage or restrain his ardor; and with cheerful energy he, like many a greater soldier, still pushed on his arduous march, even though the efforts of each day were crowned at night with the melancholy words, "*too late*."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A GLIMPSE OF HUMAN LIFE.

GENERAL McDONALD, with an array of four thousand gallant Scots, was marching towards Wilmington, having crossed the Cape Fear, and eluded the vigilance of Moore, when he heard of an obstruction in his path. On the farther side of a creek called Moore's Creek, there lay encamped, as his scouts told him, a handful of militia under Colonel Lillington; and the general, after a short council, resolved to surprise and cut to pieces the daring patriots. He learned that Lillington had with him only five hundred men, but that Colonel Caswell was rapidly marching towards him with about five hundred more; and to prevent this junction, and to destroy the two regiments in detail was the object of the Scotchman. He therefore marched suddenly and expeditiously towards Lillington, who came near being taken by surprise. His camp he had before fortified; and now the planks were taken from the bridge over the creek, the sleepers greased and fortified by a *tete-de-pont*; and then going familiarly among his men, the Colonel prepared them for a bloody and desperate struggle. "Victory or death," was to be the motto; and on the iron heart of every soldier in the patriot camp was it engraven. Coolly and sternly they awaited the onset; while in the Scottish army not a soul doubted the result, unless it was the general himself, who was so sick that McLeod, the second in command, had to take his place. At break of day, the Scotch, in beautiful array, with shouts and martial clangor, were seen marching along the creek; but there was not a word nor a whisper heard among the men of Lillington. Suddenly a broad sheet of flame burst along the ranks of these, and the head of the Scottish column staggered backwards as many a gallant soldier fell from its ranks. Again they were rallied by McLeod, who with his sword waving over his head, actually crossed the bridge; but another and more deadly fire swept off the entire head of the column, McLeod himself falling mortally wounded. In this second and destructive volley, the men of Caswell* joined; and as Campbell, the third in command among the Scots, formed their ranks, a third discharge killed him with nearly one fourth of his remaining men. Lillington now gave the word to charge; the planks were instantly thrown down, and the clash of swords and bayonets indicated the last deadly struggle. Every where the Scotch were beaten; but there was among them,

* There are different opinions in regard to the honor of the achievement at Moore's Creek; some giving it to Caswell, some to Lillington and others to both. The Carolinians generally give it to Lillington. This officer, by the rules of the service, was entitled to the command; and it is even said by some authorities that Caswell arrived after the battle was nearly over. The current of authorities, however, represents him as having cooperated with his brother hero, Alexander Lillington.

one whose gallant bearing attracted the attention of friend and foe.

Cool, stern and wary, he still refused to surrender, and with a few devoted followers, hewed his way from point to point in the patriot ranks; and after all hope of victory had fled, and he was alone without a follower, he still opened a path before him, his sword dripping with blood and his uniform cut to pieces. As he was thus slowly making his way towards a body of still resolute Scots, he was suddenly confronted by a young officer, who hailed him.

"Who among these patriot dogs knows my name," said Chester Rowton, throwing back the clotted hair from his face. "*I*, the avenger of innocence," cried Walter Tucker; "and I thank God for this hour which I have so long prayed for!" "It will end your troubles, vain boy," replied Rowton, as he took his guard and coolly parried the strokes which Walter furiously showered upon him. "*You* the avenger of innocence!" cried he with a scornful laugh, as he shivered Walter's sword: "*You* the avenger of innocence! I'll send you to the other world before me," and his brandished sword glittered near the head of his defenceless antagonist.

But here a third actor intervened. "*I'm* the avenger," cried he with wild and terrible energy, and as he spoke, plunged a dagger to the Englishman's heart; "*I'm* the avenger," he continued, leaping into the air and brandishing his dagger. "Ha, ha! the day of retribution has come at last! Vengeance is sweet, sweet oh how sweet!" and he again plunged the dagger to the heart of his dying victim. "He's dead," said the youth as the pallor of the last foe overspread the countenance of the Englishman: "he's dead! and he's forgiven. Chester, Chester, my dear lord, take me with you!" and falling on his neck, the maniac youth and his victim expired together. Such was the end of Chester Rowton and of Polly Dawson, the beautiful, and until she saw him, the happy belle of Utopia.

The struggle was over, and the whole Scotch army was killed or taken captive. Among the former were McLeod and Campbell, the second and third in command; and among the latter General McDonald.

This was one of the most decisive and important victories achieved during the revolution; for with this ended the royal sway in North Carolina. The armament in the Cape Fear, with Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis, soon left without doing any damage; the Scotch settlements were broken up, the negroes kept in subjection, and the Indians beaten and overawed. The Tories were every where intimidated, and the Whigs made confident; the Governor was driven off in disgrace, and North Carolina was, from this day, a free and independent State. Such were the effects of the battle of Moore's Creek, fought by eleven or twelve hundred militia, in 1776, against four thousand Highland Scotchmen; and yet who out of North Carolina has heard of Moore's Creek, or

of its heroes Lillington and Caswell? In honor of the latter, the State has named a county; will it do nothing to perpetuate the name of the former? Carolinians! it is not great men you want; but some one to hold up the hands of these.

You will go abroad and boast, as you ought to boast of your native State; and yet while you defend her from the aspersions of others, you will, in fact, prove the justice of their taunts, by shewing your ignorance of the very name of Moore's Creek and of the name of its hero. Carolinians! permit your son and brother to say again, it is your shame, not to lack great men, but that your great men lack friends. Remember, this is said to *you*; not to your enemies.

The brave, and great, and good, are born every where; in some places they neglect them, in others they crucify and stone them, and in others heap rubbish on their heads and suffer them to starve. In some very few places these evidences of man's immortality are humanely treated by the natures they ennoble. Some may object to these reflections in such a place; but who can recount the deeds of men, their eternal fights and feuds without feeling disposed to moralize on the melancholy tale of blood and crime?

CHAPTER XLIX.

SCENES AFTER THE BATTLE.

On the night after the engagement at Moore's Creek, Walter Tucker was introduced to Colonel Lillington, by Richard Caswell.

"To this young man I am greatly indebted," said Caswell; "and indeed, the whole country owes him a debt. From him I got the information which caused my rapid movements in this direction; and I have been surprised at his military tact and skill."

"I am happy to make your acquaintance," answered Lillington, speaking to Walter; "I have heard of you before; your visit to Rock Castle was, perhaps, one of the causes of my being here to-night. By the way, have you not a relation in the camp, a noted fiddler?"

"I have a father who plays on the violin," said Walter, coloring; "but surely he cannot be here."

"There is one here of the name of Tucker—my attention was called to him by a singular incident. I observed him coming up with some three or four followers, just at the termination of the engagement; and so eager did they seem that one of them, a furious little Frenchman, flung the scabbard of his sword away, as he ran over the bridge crying, "*Begar, ve vill be in at de sup-paire!*"

"This must be the old gentleman of New Berne, who requested permission to join my regiment with a company, and whom I left diligently recruiting. They called him Old Dan—and I heard that he was a famous fiddler."

"That is my father," said Walter; "I must endeavor to hunt him up."

"With your permission we will walk with you," spoke Lillington, "for I would be delighted to form the old gentleman's acquaintance."

"Certainly," answered Walter, though his heart misgave him that he would be covered with shame by the old plebeian's manners.

They had not walked far before a merry group about a blazing log fire attracted their attention; and as they neared it they could plainly distinguish the sound of violins mingled with the shouts and laughter of the soldiers. The officers came up unperceived; and as they did so, Walter's heart sank within him as he beheld his father bare-headed, on a camp stool, gazing upwards at the stars, his head squeezed down into his shoulders, and whirling himself round in his seat, while his bow moved as if it went by steam. Not far from him was old Coon, mounted astride of one of the logs on the fire, his hat pulled over his eyes, and his head flung forward, while he swayed himself to and fro, droning in tune with his violin, and occasionally uttering a wild yell, as if pierced with ecstasy by the sounds which he was evoking. The two friends, it seems, had met for the first time in many weeks; and from a dispute about the relative merits of Caswell and Lillington, had fallen into a more pleasant rivalry, and were now making a display of their musical skill, each playing a different tune, while Mons. Dufroing was endeavoring to dance to both. The crowd, hugely delighted, were divided in opinion; and with "Old Virginny Never Tire!" "Go it Old Too Late!" and such like sentences, cheered on their respective friends. Walter Tucker, mortified beyond expression, instantly formed his determination; he bade Alice Bladen and aristocratic society a mental farewell forever, and resolved, with Utopia, to bury himself from the world. Having thus determined to cast away his pride, and forego his cherished aspirations, he felt as if a burden had been taken off him; though he could not refrain from an expression of regret at his father's unusual and unseemly conduct.

"Tut, man, if I was a fiddler, I'd be playing myself," said Lillington; "and won't we caper wildly when we get to Wilmington?"

"My father seems strangely affected," continued Walter; "he is not such a man as you would take him for, from this display."

"No doubt of it, no doubt of it," replied Caswell; "any one would be justified in playing the child on this occasion."

At this moment the officers were recognized; and Dan, certainly disguised with a spirit stronger than that of mere enthusiasm, rushed to embrace his commander when he discovered Walter. For a few minutes his manner changed as he greeted his son, tenderly, but not rudely or boisterously; and then saying, "Never mind, Walter, never mind, boy, I shall not disgrace you," he gave

himself up to the most extravagant demonstrations of joy.

The young man, although remarkable for filial piety, could not but wish his father in New Berne, or on his Island of Roanoke; but as for Dan, to use his own emphatic language, he didn't "care a green persimmon for any body or any thing." Old Zip kept along with him in this race of folly; and Mons. Dufroing, out of friendship for his former guests, was particularly drunk all the time, and would have required at least half a dozen of interpreters to make himself understood. The senior Tucker looked on the war as now at an end; the ken of the philosophic Islander extended far into the future, and the vision of a pure democracy was already floating before his intoxicated fancy. In a day or two, however, he and his friends, Coon and the Frenchman, left the camp; and although Walter had now abandoned all hopes of aristocratic promotion, he could not but feel relieved by the absence of his plebeian relations.

CHAPTER L.

SECOND AND LAST MEETING OF WALTER AND FRANK HOOPER.

SOME weeks after the battle of Moore's Creek, Walter Tucker, led by an irresistible feeling, found himself on the road to Wilmington. He had heard much of the hospitality of the citizens of that town and the surrounding country; of the beauty and grace of the women, and the gallantry and generosity of the men. Indeed it was pictured to him as a sort of paradise, so extravagant were the praises of those who had been there; and he had a desire to test the truth of this description. Colonel Lillington and many others had given him cordial invitations to come to their houses and make them his home; and above all, he had a passionate desire to see once more his young friend Hooper. He was aware that reports of his father's conduct would precede him; and he knew that these reports would be exaggerated, while his own air of gentle breeding would but make him a mark for the shafts of envy and malice. He expected to be talked about and stared at as a curiosity, but he determined to pocket his pride for a while, knowing that his fate was fixed and that his season of mortification would be brief. He had become one of the most polished, and certainly the handsomest man in the country; but fashionable life was now nothing to him, for the vain hopes of his youth had given place to more manly desires and more stern resolves.

Every where, on the road, his manners and appearance attracted attention and won respect, while he, attributing to the people what perhaps was in a measure due to his dress and bearing, began really to love the Cape Fear country. He thought he saw in the looks of every one something to

admire; and when he arrived in Wilmington he was fully persuaded that there was no such place in the world. He had, for his companion, Griffith John McRee,* a gallant and accomplished officer and hearty patriot; and to this very intelligent young man he related his adventure with Hooper, and spoke of his desire to see him. In fact, he formed an attachment for McRee; and in the society of that genial gentleman, the frost-work about his heart was melted away, and he began to feel himself a man. From his friend he received a letter of introduction to Mr. Harnett, who lived just beyond the limits of the town, at his seat called Hillton; and Walter, sending out the letter of McRee, enclosed in it one for Hooper, desiring to know when and where he could see him. His young friend despatched an immediate answer, informing him that Mr. Harnett was not at home, but that he, Frank Hooper, would next day look for his quondam fellow traveller.

The student had wound himself about the tenderest chords of Walter's nature; and when he started to see him, it was with the feelings of one approaching the only object on earth dear to his heart.

When, therefore, he met his adopted little brother, the fountains of his breast overflowed at his eyes, and seizing the tender youth in his arms, he embraced him fervently, and even kissed him. The student wept too, and trembled like an aspen,

* Griffith John McRee, was a distinguished patriot and brave officer of the Revolution. His son, the late Major McRee, of the United States Army, was a hero of the last war, and one of the most brilliant officers this country has produced. His modesty was equal to his worth, and though offered the post, he firmly refused to be placed at the head of the engineer department, as this promotion would have been at the expense of his seniors in rank. The author has seen manuscript letters from Mr. Calhoun and General Scott, each making mention of the above fact, and each declaring Major McRee to have been in genius and moral worth, one of the first men he ever knew. The brother of Major McRee, Dr. McRee, is the owner of Hillton, the former residence of Cornelius Harnett, a beautiful villa in the vicinity of Wilmington. Dr. McRee, inheriting the genius and the modesty of his race, is a physician of eminent skill and one of the best florists in America; and yet, cultivating science for amusement, his great endowments are known and appreciated only among his correspondents and his intimate friends.

To his son, Griffith John McRee, Esq., a distinguished young lawyer of Wilmington, I desire to express my public acknowledgements for the aid which he has voluntarily rendered me in this undertaking. I know I shall put him to the blush by this note; but I cannot refrain from offering this slight tribute of friendship for one whose public spirit, just State pride, liberal views and literary endowments, have endeared him to those who properly appreciate the true glory of our State. I take this occasion also to offer my acknowledgements to another young friend, who, though unknown to fame, is one of those whose hearts are liberally endowed with the better qualities of our nature, and who, unambitious of notoriety and destined to a private walk in life, constitute the true wealth and greatness of a State. I allude to Henderson C. Lucas, Esq., of New Berne, a gentleman who, in my estimation, is like Mr. McRee, worth a whole menagerie of "distinguished political lions."

and when Walter released him and stood gazing affectionately at him, he hung his head, while his tears still continued to flow. He seemed now less froward and pert than formerly, his manner being mild, subdued and tender; but he was dressed exactly as he was when Walter first beheld him, and as it seemed, in the very same clothes, although they seemed not the least soiled by use. They had much to tell each other—especially had Frank Hooper a great deal to say, for he had not often written. He informed Walter of the fate of the Lady Susannah and of Dr. Ribs—that the former had gone to Charleston, and had there been discovered to be an arrant impostor, was exposed and disgraced.* Her admirer, the Doctor, had found means to escape and join her there—had shared her infamy, and been treated by the boys of Charleston to a coat of tar and feathers, and had the honor of a ride on a rail over the city. She, herself, had intrigued for Rowton, having become desperately enamored of him: and he, it was thought, would have married her, in the belief that she was the sister of the Queen. But she was exposed before her plans had ripened and forced to marry her suitor De Riboso, the ceremony having been performed while he was wearing his suit of tar and feathers. This was a bitter dose to the fair figurante, for she was really sprightly, intelligent and beautiful; but the boys were inexorable, and in fact, she made a light escape, considering her many daring crimes and follies. And thus she and the Beau of Utopia were married; and in a cart, to the music of the Rogue's March,

* "In the course of the winter, a female adventurer passed through the Province and attracted great notice. She had assumed the name of Lady Susannah Carolina Matilda, sister of the Queen of Great Britain, and had travelled through the Province of Virginia, from one gentleman's house to another, under these pretensions. She made astonishing impressions in many places, affecting the manners of royalty so inimitably, that many had the honor of kissing her hand. To some she promised governments, to others regiments, or promotions of different kinds in the Treasury, Army and Navy; in short she acted her part so adroitly as to levy heavy contributions on some persons of the highest rank. She received the marked attention of Governor Martin and his lady, whilst in New Berne, and proceeded thence to Wilmington, where she was also received with great marks of distinction. At last, after remaining some days in Charleston, she was detected and apprehended. Her real name was Sarah Wilson; having been taken into the service of one of the maids of honor to the Queen, she found access to one of the royal apartments, and breaking open a cabinet, rifled it of many valuable jewels, for which she was apprehended, tried and condemned to die; but through the interposition of her mistress, her sentence was softened to that of transportation. She had accordingly been landed, in the preceding fall, in Maryland, where she was purchased by a Mr. W. Duval, of Bush Creek, Frederick County. After a short residence there, she effected her escape into Virginia, and when at a prudent distance, assumed the name and character of the Queen's sister, having brought with her, from England, clothes that served to favor the deception, and a part of the jewels, together with her majesty's picture, which had proved so fatal to her."—*Martin's Hist. N. C. Vol. 2, pp. 292, 293.*

and of a great variety of pans and kettles, were marched out of town and started on a bridal tour.

"And by the way," continued Frank, "I lately saw Alice Bladen, and she spoke of you."

"Of me?" said Walter, blushing; "I suppose she made herself merry at the expense of her rustic lover."

"Indeed, she did not," replied Frank; "she spoke of you in the kindest manner, and would like to see you. She has heard often, often of you, and always something good and honorable; and I believe she thinks a great deal of you. She is not far from here, and if you say so, you and I will call on her to-morrow."

"To-morrow I will be engaged," said Walter; "I am then to be introduced to the Republican Club of Cape Fear. My friend Major McRee has already made application for me, and so indeed has Colonel Lillington; and to-morrow I am to be initiated and made one of the Cape Fear brotherhood."

"It is a great honor," answered Frank, "and I congratulate you on it. It is composed of the best men in all the country; and your initiation will at once introduce you into the society and affections of our people."

"I care little for these things now," spoke Walter; "Frank, I have changed my whole plan of life. I have given over all my youthful aspirations.—I have now higher and greater aims. I am lowly born and lowly connected—"

"Nonsense!" cried Frank; "you have already taken your stand. You know you told me you intended to do like the hero in the play at New Berne—to perform three great achievements and then—"

"Yes, but play heroes are but poor models," interrupted Walter—"It is folly to try to do in real life as they do in plays; adventures are made on purpose for them, while no such opportunities of distinction are offered to us."

"Yes, but you have done three, yes, four great things," replied Frank—"You put yourself to a great deal of trouble to befriend a lost and orphan boy, and to do so had to neglect an opportunity of taking revenge on an enemy; you saved the life of Utopia, and you have been of great service to the country. Besides this, Alice Bladen often speaks of the service you did her on the beach; and I'm sure she will no longer laugh at the name of Tucker."

"She shall not have a chance in my presence," said Walter, proudly; "Frank, you must not tempt me with that haughty woman; my resolution is fixed and it will be best to carry it out. I shall marry Utopia."

"What! your cousin?" cried Frank in surprise. "I know she is worthy of you—she's an angel," continued he with a tremulous voice.

"Perhaps you love her," spoke Walter, smiling;

"if so, you shall have my claims if she will love you, and I'll go back to Roanoke Island."

"Perhaps—you might break my heart by marrying her," replied Frank, much confused; "and if—if Alice really loves you, could you not forgive her?"

"She don't love me," said Walter; "she may pretend so, but she'll only love my fame, when I become famous."

"She will, she does love you," cried Frank; "you, Walter Tucker, and she has loved you from the beginning. I *know* it—that is, I've seen it in a thousand ways, and if you will go with me, your own eyes shall tell you so. Mercy! who are all these coming up the avenue?"

"Do not be alarmed," said Walter, seizing the student as he was about to run; "see, there are several of my acquaintances among them. But what has brought such a crowd; and see what a strange figure hobbles in their midst."

CHAPTER LI.

TIME'S REVELATIONS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the assurances of Walter, Frank Hooper still trembled violently as Cornelius Harnett, followed by a number of gentlemen, led into his house the apparition alluded to in the last chapter. It was a gaunt figure, stooped with age, its limbs clad in ragged garments, formed of patches of paper, a close fitting mask, giving it the appearance of having a head perfectly bald, while a solitary lock of long white hairs fell from the forehead, and mingled with the snowy beard that streamed over its breast. It was painted all over with emblems of decay; the wrecks of ships, falling houses, broken columns, bleaching bones and grinning skeletons. In its right hand it held a staff, and in the left the hand of a girl closely veiled, shrouded in white, with a wreath of evergreens and amaranth upon her head; and having taken its stand in the middle of the room, with Col. Lillington, and Major McRee on opposite sides, it spoke as follows:

"I am Time, listen to my story: You have all heard how that the first white Colony settled in North Carolina, was planted on that green gem of Albermarle Sound, Roanoke Island. It was sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, the pride and glory of England, and it was brought by his relation, Sir Richard Grenville. You have also heard that that white Colony vanished as the snows vanish from the vallies in Spring; and when the English came back again, there was not a soul found to tell the story of their friends. But I saw what had happened—I knew it all, and now I will reveal it. All perished but one, and that one was a natural son of Sir Walter Raleigh,

and a brave and sprightly lad. Manteo, the great chief of the Roanokes, took a liking to him—he gave him his daughter, and the lad afterwards became a chief. His father-in-law, for his goodness and greatness, was called by the English Lord of Roanoke, and this title descended to the son of Raleigh and to his descendants. One of the last of these, a poor man, but a proud and worthy one, one Walter Roanoke, a man nearly white, one day sent for his neighbour. ‘I am dying,’ said Roanoke,—‘I will soon join my wife in heaven. This child is the only pledge of our love—to him I can leave nothing but my name. But a proud name ill becomes an unworthy man; therefore, let the boy not assume my name until he is worthy of it.’ And so died the descendant of Manteo,—and his friend, and rival once, took his son, adopted him, and raised him to man’s estate. He has proved himself worthy of his name—there he stands, WALTER ROANOKE, the descendant of Sir Walter Raleigh, and of Manteo, the Lord of Roanoke! Be still, and hear me out—I am Time—Time unveils all secrets, and behold what I shall now do. Frank Hooper,” continued he, seizing the cap from the head of the student, “Frank Hooper, these curls are Alice Bladen’s!”

The abashed lady with a loosened hair falling over her face and shoulders, stood trembling and blushing in the hand of Time, as he proceeded:

“You may be called Time’s fairest daughter; but you have a sister who is not the daughter of time—a meek-eyed maiden of which poets have dreamed, and philosophers written.—Behold, Utopia!” As he spoke he unveiled his companion and the room was lighted by the radiant face of the nameless child of the Desert.

“And this,” said Major McRee, taking hold of the palsied figure of Time—“this, ladies and gentlemen, is our distinguished friend, the famous Daniel Tucker, from the sound of whose violin, it would seem that this vision of love and purity is born.”

Let the curtain drop upon the tableau.

CHAPTER LII.

THE TEMPTER AND THE TEMPTED PART COMPANY.

UTOPIA filled Wilmington with amazement. She met all as if she had known them all her life, and all met her as if she were the guest of all mankind. The children all followed her, and cried when she left them—the old stopped to hold her by the hand, and give her their blessing, while they gazed in her meek hazel eyes, that blessed them in return—and the young of both sexes called her sister, and spoke kindly and gently to her.

In her scrap book was imaged forth the adventures of her life—and the last picture in it was the face of Walter.

She, and her mother, and Ike Harvey, had been brought to Wilmington by old Tucker, Coon, and Mons. Dufrong; and the citizens of that place bought and fitted up for her a beautiful cottage, below the town, and near the Cape Fear River. Here her mother was to spend the evening of her days in comfort—and hither, on a pleasant summer afternoon she was brought by Alice Bladen, Walter Tucker, and a host of ladies and gentlemen of the town and country.

The young people were in a gay humor, and amused themselves in various ways; some in gathering flowers, some in fishing, and others in lounging and gossiping in the shade.

Alice and Utopia were alone in the cottage of the latter, each looking more beautiful than ever, and each dressed in simple habits of spotless white.

“I have a secret to tell you,” said the former, “though no doubt you have heard of it before now. Our wedding is to take place next Wednesday—”

“Whose wedding?” asked Utopia, gazing seriously in the eyes of Alice.

“Why mine, child—mine and Walter’s—had n’t you heard of it?”

“Do you mean Walter Tucker?” inquired Utopia.

“Walter Tucker that was,” said Alice, laughing.

“We have agreed to have it next Wednesday, and I am now making preparations. The party will be a small one; but you will be there, and I wish you, my dear, sweet friend, to act as my first bride’s maid. Will that dress suit you? indeed, you look beautiful in it—but, perhaps, we had better get a new one for the occasion. Let me see, now a satin one with—do you hear me, child?”

“What did you say about Walter?” asked Utopia, abstractedly.

“Oh, dear,” exclaimed Alice, “must I tell it all over again. Come, lay down your scrap book, and listen to me.”

As Alice spoke, Utopia came to her, felt her hands and arms, kissed her, and handing her the scrap book, told her to give it to Walter.

She then passed out of the door; and Alice, rather surprised at her manner, but thinking she would soon return, sat waiting in silence for an explanation. At last she became vexed at Utopia’s delay and went out to look for her; she inquired for her eagerly of those in the woods, and finally became uneasy. Her fears were contagious; a number of persons started off in search of the girl, but she was not to be found. All were now alarmed, and for hours the country round was searched, and the name of the girl shouted from hill to hill; and still there came no answer back, nor could she be any where seen.

Her friends were forced to the conclusion, that she was lost or drowned; and while they were consulting in anxious groups, they were startled by a wild cry in the woods. It came from Robert Bladen, who was one of the party, though now a

complete wreck; and as the company turned towards him, they were horrified at his appearance. Wild with delirium, he came brandishing a bloody dagger in his reeking hand; and throwing up his arms, cried as he ran, "See there! see there she is! oh, for mercy's sake, hide her face!"

"Where is she, where is Utopia?" asked Walter Roanoke, seizing the maniac youth; "madman, what have you done?"

"I could not bear her sight," replied Bladen, "her face was every day looking in my soul, and I could not shut it out. I could not bear to hear her voice. I could not bear to see her smile——"

"Where is she?" again asked Walter sternly.

"I found her under an old oak," answered Bladen—"She was kneeling and looking up to heaven—she smiled on me as I took hold of her."

"But where is she? what did you do to her?" asked the crowd.

"I tried to kill her," cried the madman—"I tried to hide her—but when I looked up, she was in heaven gazing at me—Look there!" he continued, in a wild phrenzy, pointing upwards—"There she is! there, there, still smiling at me! Oh for God's sake, hide her face!" So saying, he tore himself loose from Walter, and ran to a cliff on the river, and again pointing up, and shouting "there! there she is!" he uttered a fearful scream, plunged into the water, and was drowned.

As for Utopia, she was seen no more on earth.

CHAPTER LIII.

OTHER CHARACTERS RETIRE FROM THE SCENE.

THE loss of his niece was a blow from which the fiddler of Roanoke Island never recovered. Jealous as he was of his honor, he insisted on having his trial, for the murder of old Ricketts, at New Berne; and there he and Mrs. Ricketts, or rather Mrs. Harvey, brother and sister, were formally tried, and triumphantly acquitted. Then the old man could amuse himself awhile, in locating his sister near his own home, and in reforming Ike Harvey from his vagabond propensities, and in assisting his adopted son, Walter Roanoke, in the construction of a handsome summer residence on the island. Here Walter, universally esteemed, and his no less popular and happy wife were wont to spend much of their time; and at their house, old Dan and his friend Coon would sometimes awaken the "memory of the days of other years," in strains never to be forgotten by those who heard them. Still the old man was no longer what he had been; life had lost its savor, and he fled, accompanied by his faithful friend Coon, to the excitements of the camp, to escape from the recollections of the past. Throughout the whole war of the revolution he served, not continuously, but at different times;

and it is no exaggeration to say, that his violin and that of Coon did the State some service. On the weary march, and in the dreary camp, they cheered the drooping spirits of the soldiers; in cold and in heat, in want and in sickness, these brave old fiddlers infused new energy into their companions, reviving the faint, nerving the timid, and kindling into fresher and brighter lustre the patriotic zeal of all. From Valley Forge to Camden, from Guilford to Yorktown they were known; and on many a gloomy retreat, and many a "well-foughten field," was heard the triumphant melody of those famous fiddles. When the war was over, Dan pined gradually away, fading even like the notes of his own violin, till at last, in the arms of Coon, and surrounded by Walter, his wife and their little ones, he quietly gave up his troubled spirit. By the remains of the old Fort, in the deep woods, he was buried; and there, suspended to a tree over his head, and protected from the weather, was hung the violin that had been his companion and faithful friend through life. It was said, that in the stillness of a summer's night, an unseen hand would touch the strings of that violin, and then strains that seemed to be wafted from a spirit-land, would breathe their spell over the enchanted island, discoursing a sad sweet requiem to the soul of the departed fiddler. Such was the universal belief through the country; but perhaps it may be accounted for by the fact that old Zip would often steal to the grave of his friend, and there spend the live-long night, in playing melancholy airs. For years after this, he was still known in the country, for he travelled about from place to place; but at last he also passed away, and now he and his lamented friend live only in the traditions of the common people, and in those immortal airs to which they bequeathed their names.

CHAPTER LIV.

WHERE IS UTOPIA?

A FEW months ago—it matters not when—the author of these Memoirs was travelling through the eastern part of North Carolina, in search of materials from which to write the history of Utopia. Like a sweet tune, a fragile flower, a transient halo, a beam of heavenly light, at the dusky hour of eve, she had passed away, leaving no trace or memorial behind her. The world saw her and felt her presence for a moment; and then she was gone, and the memory of her was like the memory of a pleasant dream in the sinless days of youth. She had been, and she had shone in the hearts of her cotemporaries; and yet when she was gone she seemed not to have been as a reality, and the recollection of her was like those strange recollections of worlds, and things, and

people, that we have never seen, which sometimes flit across the mind.

The author, who had himself once regarded the beautiful places of this world as shrines of immortals—who had been, in other words, a day-dreamer—was deeply interested in what he heard of the traditions concerning the nameless child of the Desert, and he followed her footsteps from the wild sands of the beach to New Berne; from New Berne to the fairy Lake Drummond, and from thence to the Old Cape Fear, rich in legendary lore. As you go down this river from Wilmington, you pass, on your right, a beautiful residence, which glitters in its white vestments, on the top of a picturesque hill, about a half mile off. This is the residence of Dr. Frederick J. Hill, of Brunswick, a rice planter, an intelligent gentleman and a princely citizen; and beneath his hospitable roof you will find a welcome that will remind you of what is said in the first chapter of this book.

On a pleasant afternoon, the Doctor and the author took a stroll; and we had not gone far before we came to a wilderness of vines, brushwood, and reeds, all growing "in a wild state of nature." These, as we could see, skirted a small grove of live oaks; and with the branches of these oaks, they had formed an enclosure or palisade, which we found some difficulty in entering. The moment we did enter, however, a strange sensation, a feeling of indescribable awe, of sadness and veneration, crept upon me; I found myself in one of those spots which nature herself seems to have consecrated for her most holy rites. There was not a shrub, nor a blade of grass within that sacred temple; there the garish beams of the sun never penetrate, but even at noonday, a deep and solemn twilight reigns. The oaks, whose multitudinous branches formed a thick canopy above

us, looked as if they had witnessed the flight of centuries; and from their limbs and trunks there streamed hoary and luxuriant flakes of moss, sweeping almost to the ground, and looking like elfin locks whitened by the frosts of a thousand years.

Within this Druid temple, there are old brick vaults, without a name, and without a date; and here, because, perhaps, nature herself seems to have formed a cemetery for her favorite child—here, beneath one of these vaults, and close by the banks of the old Cape Fear, are supposed to repose the ashes of Utopia. The scene and the recollections which it awakened, threw me into a meditative mood—and seating myself on one of the vaults, and looking out on the broad but lonely expanse of waters before me, I remained listening to the subdued murmur of the distant ocean, not knowing that the Doctor had left me. Thus I remained conjuring up a thousand fancies—aye, and remembering a thousand hopes of youth that had faded—"Where, where," I thought, "is Utopia? Where is that pleasant land, and those good people of which I dreamed so much before I was wise?"

"Is life but a vapor that exaleth for a moment and perisheth forever? And are all the hopes of life, and all its pleasures and pursuits but vanity and vexation of spirit? Is Utopia to be found only in the grave? *Vanitas vanitatum*, vanity of vanities, all is vanity, saith the preacher. There is no hope here—and the hereafter—" as I thus reflected, the shades of evening were insensibly gathering round me, and far, far in the hazy horizon of the east, an exceedingly small star twinkled tenderly in the blue expanse. "There was the smile of Utopia;"—a something whispered to me—"Beyond the shores of time—beyond the ocean of space—away, away in those bright worlds beyond, you'll find Utopia."

APPENDIX.

COL. SAMUEL ASHE.—This gentleman played a distinguished part in North Carolina, during the revolution, and was afterwards governor of the state. His life, during the war, was full of romantic incident; but the account given of him in the text is not altogether correct. When the novel was written, I was not in possession of the particulars of Col. Ashe's exile in the swamps, and remembered only to have heard a tradition concerning it. I have since received authentic information on the subject, and I have been surprised to find how near my fiction approaches to the reality.

About twenty miles north east of Wilmington, is a swamp called Holly Shetter Swamp; and near the middle of this swamp is a small island of land. Not far from this island is the head of Holly Shelter creek, which flows into the north-

east branch of the Cape Fear, distant about seven miles. On the island alluded to, Col. Ashe built a cabin and stocked it with provisions, intending the place as a retreat in time of danger. His rural residence could be approached only by the creek to its head, and from here by a line of cypress blocks, concealed beneath the surface of the swamp, and indicated by marks known only to those in the secret.

Col. Alfred Moore, Col. Alexander Lillington, Cornelius Harnett and himself, being the most prominent whigs on the Cape Fear, were especially hateful to the British, by whom they were hunted from place to place, and in Holly Shetter swamp, it is said, they often lay concealed. Certain it is, that Col. Ashe was hid here at the time the British were in possession of Wilmington and the surrounding country; and the only person

who knew of his movements was an old slave named Peter, the inseparable companion and faithful friend of his master. On one occasion, a party of British, while in search of Ashe, found and took Peter, somewhere on the Cape Fear; and finding that the negro would not betray his master for a reward, they resorted to torture. They stripped him and whipped him until his body was covered with gashes; but Peter still proving obstinate, they hung him until animation was suspended, and then cut him down. He lay for a few minutes entirely motionless; then, suddenly rising to his feet, he ran to a neighbouring cliff, and flung himself off it into the river. He perished, but whether by his leap, or from shots by the British, or from both, I have not been able to learn.

Let his name be remembered: there was not at Valley Forge, at Germantown or Camden, a more gallant or more noble heart than his.

The daughter of Col. Ashe, a beautiful and accomplished lady, married a wealthy gentleman of South Carolina, by the name of Alston; by him she had a son, who is the Alston that married the daughter of Aaron Burr. Col. Ashe was one of a number of gentleman like him, and who resided on the Cape Fear; and the loungee in those hospitable regions can amuse himself for weeks, in visiting the venerable remains of palaces and castles, and in picking up traditions of the princely and gallant men, and beautiful women of a by-gone time.

—
CHESTER ROWTON.—The type of this worthy may be found in the domestic history of the early settlements of the Carolinas.

"But one thing is certain, that King Charles II. for several years after the restoration winked at their pirates' depredations, and many of them performed such valiant actions, as, in a good cause, had justly merited honors and rewards. Even as the case was, Charles, out of mere whim, knighted Henry Morgan, a Welshman, who had plundered Porto Bello, and Panama, and carried off large treasures with them. For several years, so formidable was this body of plunderers in the West Indies, that they struck terror into every quarter of the Spanish dominions. Their gold and silver, which they lavishly spent in the Colony, insured to them a kind reception among the Carolinians."—*Wm. Howatt's Account of the Rise and Progress of the Colonies of South Carolina & Georgia*, vol. i. page 93.

"North Carolina had also become a refuge for those rogues who carried their prizes into Cape Fear river or Providence (Island) as best suited their convenience or interest. Their success induced bold and rapacious spirits to join them, and in time they became so formidable, that no inconsiderable force was required to suppress them." *Ibid.* page 208.

"Though the pirates on the island of Pro-

vidence were crushed (1717,) those of North Carolina still remained, and were equally insolent and troublesome." *Ibid.* 235.

In Martin's History of North Carolina, (Appendix to vol. 1st,) there is a long account of a trial which took place in 1719, before Gov. Eden and the deputies of the Lords Proprietors. The accused was Tobias Knight, Esq., Secretary of the Province, for being concerned with Edward Teach, a notorious pirate.

"Teach came into North Carolina and proceeded to (Governor) Eden's house, with twenty of his men, where, pleading the king's pardon, they obtained the Governor's certificate. He now married a young girl, his thirteenth wife, and having spent some time in rioting in Pamlico, he sailed on a cruise, &c., &c., ... These were men unfriendly to Governor Eden, and to the Judge Tobias Knight, who said that the Governor had received sixty hogsheads of sugar, as a douceur, and the Judge twenty, &c., ... Teach remained in the river trading, &c., &c."—*Martin's Hist. N. C.*, vol. 1st, pp. 282, 283.

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THE REPUBLICAN CLUB.—The author, in his "Alamance," and in this work, has several times alluded to Republican Associations formed in North Carolina before the 4th of July, 1776. This is generally considered as the birth day of freedom in the United States; and even on that day the North Carolinians, according to Mr. Jefferson, were still holding back. Mr. Jefferson must have been totally ignorant of the state of things in the State of which he spoke so harshly; that State, the author is ready and able to prove, was more ripe for rebellion than any other in the Union. From causes alluded to in several chapters of "Roanoke," and from others not necessary to be mentioned, the people of North Carolina hardly felt their allegiance to the British crown, even as early as 1771; and from that time until the 4th of July, '76, Liberty Associations, Republican Associations, and declarations of Independence were common.

The State was divided into a great number of independent communities; these communities were divided from each other and from the world, by the barriers of nature, and events that happened among them were little known or heeded beyond the immediate vicinity of their occurrence. Thus it was that the Mecklenburgh Declaration of Independence, for a long time escaped the notice of the country and of the world; and that famous manifesto spoke for *one* county only, thus proving what is herein asserted in regard to the independent communities of the State.

Similar meetings were held, and similar events took place all over the Province; but that Province had very little commerce with other countries, or other States, and hence its transactions then, as now, passed unnoticed.

The following letter, throwing some light on

this subject, and confirming views which the author has long entertained, may be interesting to the public:

From the Raleigh Standard.

THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION.

A few days since, in the Senate, Mr. Shepard submitted a Report from the Committee to whom was referred the communication of the Governor, in relation to the Colonial and Revolutionary History of North Carolina, accompanied by the following highly interesting letter from Mr. Bancroft, the American minister at London, to the Hon. David L. Swain, of this State. The letter is as follows:

"90 EATON SQUARE. }
London, 4 July, 1848. }

MY DEAR SIR:—I hold it of good augury, that your letter of the 12th of June, reached me by the Herman, just in time to be answered this morning.

You may be sure that I have spared no pains to discover in the British Paper Office, a copy of the Resolves of the Committee of Mecklenburg; and with entire success. A glance at the Map will show you that, in those days, the traffic of that part of North Carolina took a southerly direction, and people in Charleston, and sometimes even in Savannah, knew what was going on in "Charlotte Town," before Governor Martin. The first account of "*the extraordinary Resolves by the people in Charlotte Town, Mecklenburg County*," was sent over to England, by Sir James Wright, then Governor of Georgia, in a letter of the 20th of June, 1775. The newspaper thus transmitted is still preserved, and is the number 498 of the South Carolina Gazette and Country Journal, Tuesday, June 13, 1775. I read the Resolves, you may be sure, with reverence, and immediately obtained a copy of them; thinking myself the sole discoverer. I do not send you the copy, as it is identically the same with the paper which you enclosed to me; but I forward to you a transcript of the entire letter of Sir James Wright. The newspaper seems to have reached him after he had finished his despatch, for the paragraph relating to it is added in his own hand writing, the former part of the letter being written by a Secretary or Clerk.

I have read a great many papers relating to the Regulators; and am having copies made of a large number. Your own State ought to have them all, and the expense would be for the State insignificant, if it does not send an agent on purpose. A few hundred dollars would copy all you need from the State Paper Office, on all North Carolina topics. The Regulators are, on many accounts, important. Their complaints were well founded, and were so acknowledged, though they were only nominally punished. They form the connecting link between resistance to the Stamp Act, and the movement of 1775; and they also played a glorious part in taking possession of the

Mississippi valley, towards which they were carried irresistibly by their love of independence. It is a mistake, if any have supposed, that the Regulators were cowed down by their defeat at the Alamance. Like the mammoth, they shook the bolt from their brow and crossed the mountains.

I shall always be glad to hear from you, and to be of use to you or your State.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

D. L. SWAIN, Esq.,

Chapel Hill, North Carolina."

The above letter establishes the fact beyond all question, that *Independence was first proclaimed in Mecklenburg, North Carolina, in May, 1775.*

The letter of Sir James Wright, referred to by Mr. Bancroft, closes as follows:

"By the enclosed paper, your Lordship will see the extraordinary Resolves of the people of Charlotte Town, in Mecklenburg County; and I should not be surprised if the same should be done every where else."

THE REGULATORS.—Marshall, in his Life of Washington, speaks of the outbreak of "a tumultuous rabble, styling themselves Regulators," &c., &c. See how different the language of the great modern historian, Bancroft! a difference caused solely by the increase of correct information, and a more thorough knowledge of the rise and progress of that mighty drama, the American Revolution. In the year 1767, that revolution was practically begun in North Carolina, by an association of men, who called themselves *Regulators*, and who, actuated by a spirit which afterwards severed the British empire, took upon themselves the business of regulating the affairs of the State. They were not the duped followers of any great leader; the movement was a spontaneous one, and confined entirely to the common people. From year to year they caused great disturbance in the Province; in the great county of Orange, they took possession of the court house, chased off the judge, and took the corrupt clerk, who was especially hateful to them, and whipped him to their hearts' content. They then organized a court of their own, and disposed, in a summary way, of all the cases on the docket; and as their proceedings were interesting and amusing, an account of them, copied from the records of the court, is annexed below. Finally, this rebellion, with which thousands were infected, came to a heading; and the Regulators, in great masses, without arms, discipline or leaders, took the field.

In May, 1771, they were met at Alamance by Governor Tryon with the forces of the State: and after a short engagement, the Regulators were dispersed. They triumphed, however, in the end; the leading citizens of the State, the Waddells, the Ashes, the Caswells, &c., &c., who led forces against them at the battle of Alamance, became infected, and soon the Governor and his adherents were in a very slim minority.

We have here a striking example of the manner in which revolutions, whether of morals, religion or government, are effected. Some profound thinker, in his garret or his closet, gives birth to a new set of ideas; and these ideas are imbibed by the masses of the common people, and the aristocracy and the politicians, from prudential motives, follow the masses. Great improvements, or great changes never begin with what are called the leaders of a country; these self-styled leaders are but weather-vanes, who indicate the course of popular sentiment. The leading men in North Carolina were at first opposed to the Regulators; but they were soon carried away by the avalanche. And soon after the Revolution, the leading men out of North Carolina, regarded this regulation movement as a mere riot; but now, after the lapse of a century, the leading men see in this "tumultuous outbreak" the first indications of that restless and mighty spirit which is destined to regulate the world. Revolutions are born in the brain of some garreted philosopher, or in the breasts of the common people; and the so called leaders are the offspring of these revolutions.

At the time the above was written, the author was expecting a letter from one of the Clerks of the Court of Orange County, North Carolina, transmitting a copy of the Trial Docket of September Term of the Court, 1770. This gentleman, doubtless not knowing my object, and supposing I simply wanted authoritative evidence of the fact of the insurrection of the Regulators, &c., sent me extracts from the minutes of the Court, these memoranda having been made after the occurrence of the transactions to which they refer. It is now too late to get the curious and amusing entries made by the Regulators themselves; but as parts of the letter kindly sent me may be interesting to the public, extracts are given.

HILLSBORO, Feb. 22d. 1849.

Dear Sir:—I this morning received your note, to which request I hasten to reply. In the first place, I will give you a copy of the entries made upon the minute Docket at the September Term, 1770.

Several persons styling themselves Regulators, assembled together in the court yard, under the conduct of Harmon Husbands, James Hunter, Rednot Howell, William Butler, Samuel Devenney, and many others, and insulted some of the gentlemen of the bar, and in a riotous manner went into the Court House and forcibly carried out some of the attorneys, and in a cruel manner beat them. They then insisted the Judge should proceed to the trial of their leaders who had been indicted at a former court, and that the jury should be taken out of their own party; therefore, the judge, finding it impossible to proceed with honor to himself and justice to the country, adjourned the court until the next morning at ten o'clock, and took the advantage of the night and made his escape, and no court in Conse.

The Honorable Richard Henderson was the presiding judge; and at March Term, 1771, is the following entry.

NORTH CAROLINA, Orange County, {
March Term, 1771. }

"The persons who style themselves Regulators, and under the conduct of Herman Husbands, James Hunter, Rednot Howell, William Butler, Samuel Devenney and others, broke up the court at September Term last, still continuing their riotous mutinies and severely threatening the judges, lawyers and other officers of the court, prevented any of the judges or lawyers attending; therefore, the court continues adjourned till September Term next, 1771.

"The above are all the entries made upon the minute Docket relative to the Regulators. But it is evident from the entries made upon the Trial Docket, that after the judge left Hillsboro, that the Regulators took the law into their own hands, and proceeded to hold a mock court, and made many vulgar entries upon the Trial Docket. Where there was a case stated upon said docket, Brown vs. Brown, the clerk of the Regulators filled up the vacancy left for the judgment in these words, "A shame for name sake." Other judgments were filled up with these words, "A d—d shame."

SONNET.

BY JASPER H. BIXBY.

WHAT shall the Future bring of Life to me?
I questioned oft, for much I longed to know.
Hope pictured brightly forth a gallant show
Of brilliant blessings, which were mine to be,—
Fear held her mirror forth wherein to see
Phantoms of Ill and Wrong, which darkly glow
With hidden fire, consuming sure though slow

The baffled heart of tortured Misery.
But lo, a voice, the voice of Faith cries out
The Future hoardeth up nor Good nor Ill—
And but the present moment is thine own,
O waste it not with Sloth or carping Doubt,
Nor seek thy soul with fantasies to fill,
As o'er what may not be, you joy or groan.

OCTOBER TWILIGHT.

BY EDITH MAY.

Oh, mute among the months, October, thou,
Like a hot reaper when the sun goes down,
Reposing in the twilight of the year!
Is yon the silver glitter of thy scythe,
Drawn thread-like on the west? September comes
Humming those waifs of song June's choral days
Left in the forest, but thy tuneless lips
Breathe only a pervading haze that seems
Visible silence, and thy sabbath face
Scares swart November—from yon northern hills
Foreboding like a raven; yellow ferns
Make thee a couch; thou sittest listless there,
Plucking red leaves for idleness; full streams
Coil to thy feet, where fawns that come at noon
Drink with upglancing eyes.

Upon this knoll
Studded with long-stemmed maples, ever first
To take the breeze, I have lain summer hours
Seeing the blue sky only, and the light
Shifting from leaf to leaf. Tree-top and trunk
Now lift so steadily, the airiest spray
Seems painted on the azure; evening comes
Up from the valleys; over-lapping hills
Tipped by the sunset, burn like funeral lamps
For the dead day; no pomp of tinsel clouds
Breaks the pure hyaline the mountains gird—
A gem without a flaw—but sharply drawn
On its transparent edge, a single tree
That has cast down its drapery of leaves
Stands like an athlete, with broad arms outstretched,
As if to keep November's winds at bay;
Below, on poised wings, a hovering mist
Follows the course of streams; the air grows thick
Over the dells. Mark how the wind, like one
That gathers simples, flits from herb to herb

Through the damp valley, muttering the while
Low incantations! From the wooded lanes
Loiters a bell's dull tinkle, keeping time
To the slow tread of kine, and I can see,
By the rude trough the waters overbrim,
The unyoked oxen gathered; some, athirst,
Stoop drinking steadily, and some have linked
Their horns in playful war. Roads climb the hills,
Divide the forests, and break off abrupt
At the horizon; hither, from below,
There comes a noise of lumbering, jarring wheels;
The sound just struggles up the steep ascent,
Then drones off in the distance; nearer still
A rifle's rattling charge starts up the echoes,
That flutter like scared birds, and pause awhile,
As on suspended wings, ere sinking slow
To their low nests. I can distinguish now
The labourer returning from his toil,
With shouldered spade, and weary, laggard foot;
The cattle straying down the dusty road;
The sportsman balancing his idle gun,
Whistling a light refrain, while close beside,
His hound, with trailing ears and muzzle dropped,
Follows some winding scent. From the gray east,
Twilight, upglancing with dim, fearful eyes,
Warns me away.

The dusk sits like a bird
Up in the tree-tops, and swart, elvish shadows
Dart from the wooded pathways. Wraith of day!
Through thy transparent robes the stars are plain!
Along those swelling mounds that look like graves,
Where flowers grow thick in June, thy step falls soft
As the dropped leaves! Amid the faded brakes
The wind, retreating, hides, and cowering there,
Whines at thy coming like a hound afraid!

QUIET.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

I.

As well might that pale artist, whose keen eye
At home, abroad, in sunshine, or in storm,
Seeks in light, shade, position, colour, form,
Something his picture-love to gratify;
As well might he in utter darkness try
To paint on canvass the sweet images
That mocking nature yet can fancy please,
As the poor poet strive, amid the cry
Of careless tongues, to think, much more to write,
His thoughts of music in such words as may
Be music too; for even as good light
Is to the painter's work, so quiet day,
Or if that cannot be, then quiet night
Is to the poet's well-beloved lay.

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II.

Yes! quiet to the poet is what light
Is to the painter. It disposes well,
In pleasant order, thoughts that else would dwe
In chaos, painful to his inner sight;
It brings out Feeling's softest tints aright,
Gay Fancy's gorgeous gloss it can correct,
And give the shades of Reason due effect
To mellow what would else appear too bright.
Without it he becomes morose and sad,
Through the deep longings that are pent within,
To try those God-sent powers, which never had
Kindred communion with the world's vain din;
Though oft the master-poet is made glad
From lessons taught by slaves of strife and sin.

CLUBS BECOME TRUMPS,

OR A SPINSTER'S EXPERIENCE OF BAD MANAGEMENT.

BY MISS MARIA J. B. BROWNE.

(See Engraving.)

My grandmother had a pitcher which was an heirloom, if my memory is faithful. Through how many generations the curious old piece of plate had descended, I know not, but at the decease of each fortunate possessor of the antiquity, the surviving heirs were clamorous for this relic of the luxury of the past. It was indeed a curious thing, that old pitcher. The chasing was elaborate, and no doubt in the perfection of the art, when it came forth from the skilful hand of "Demetrius the silversmith." It was dateless, but no one would accuse me of exaggeration, if I venture the presumption that it had outlasted the sands of centuries. The figures were unique, and the grouping probably commemorative or otherwise significant, but more difficult of interpretation than the hieroglyphics brought to light in the long-desolated ruins of Nineveh. There were, however, two figures of unmistakable import—for beneath them "Demetrius" had engraved their significance in four immortal lines. These figures represented two heads—the one of a man, the other of a woman. The countenances, as the pitcher stood *upright*, were clothed in the fondest smiles, and the softest love glances seemed shooting hither and thither—but if it was *inverted*, though the countenances were still distinctly human, the expression had changed to the aspect of a high dispute between a Gorgon and a Fury. "Demetrius" explained it in these words:—

"When Two Fonde Fooles together meete,
Each looke is ioy each Kisse is Sweete—
But Wedde, how Colde and Crosse they be—
Turne upside Downe, and then you'l see."

Miss Dresser's maid Mary, good soul, had never been conversant with my grandmother's silver pitcher, but the explanatory stanza it bore, was the embodiment of her foreboding. She had sometimes thought the melancholy duty might become hers, to array her mistress for the coffin, and drape the rooms in funeral colours, when that lady daily "took on" to her about the "consumption" and "the liver-ail," and all the other *ails* "that flesh is heir to;" but never had the possibility suggested itself

even in night visions, that she would ever be called upon to array Miss Prudence Dresser for a bride, and to prepare for nuptial festivities. To be sure, she thought Miss Dresser herself would present no very invincible opposition to such arrangements, but where the other party, essential to such a contract, could be "drummed up," was "the rub," in Mary's mind. And when Miss Dresser announced to her with a show of girlish reserve, which appeared like a very juvenile garment on a veteran, that she had actually made a bargain matrimonial with Mr. Timothy Higgins, Mary opened her eyes and mouth very wide indeed, and exclaimed with real astonishment,

"Why, ma'am! 'Tan't possible!"

"Strange things sometimes happens," explained Miss Dresser; "nobody can guess what Providence is about to do, by what appears on the surface! But then you are old enough to know, Mary, that when things is to be so, there's no use opposing 'em with a 'feeble arm of flesh;' our duty is submission, and a—a—cheerful—"

"But you don't reckon that Providence would *insist* on your matching with Mr. Higgins unless you was willin', ma'am?" sceptically interrogated Mary.

"Wal, yes, Mary, so it seems; all we can say is, that so it appears to be ordered," returned Miss Dresser, with an emphatic nod. "You know I have resisted Providence in these matters, Mary, till now he has taken it into his own hands, and all will be well—managed jest right—all will be for the best—I feel it—I know it!" and Miss Dresser put on a look of resignation that would have done honour to John Rogers himself.

"Yes 'um," responded Mary,—more from a habit of respectfulness, than from any conviction; for in truth she never had known of any very highhanded refractoriness of her lady in "these matters,"—"so they say, but I don't believe it, ma'am, I don't; folks very often says how *they will have things*, and then lays it to Providence, and means to do it whether or no! According to my reading the good book, ma'am, Providence don't set folks a-doing jest the very things that will ruin 'em; but he tells 'em



BAD MANAGEMENT.

to 'look afore they leap,' or some such tex as that—my memory is getting ratherly poor, and don't always sarve me to the words—but I know he does say 'don't you look into the red wine, for it bites like sarpents and stings like—like hornets,' or something another; and I guess, ma'am, if your wine don't bite you and sting you too—"

Mary's practical application of her simple theology was getting rather too personal for Miss Dresser's appetite. Her pious expression speedily changed to one of stern rebuke.

"Tut, tut, Miss! none of your twittin, ef you please!" said Miss Prudence. "I'll put up with none of that sort of impudence, let me tell you! O how much poor lone women have to endure, with nobody to defend 'em!" Miss Dresser sighed, and then she tacked about again, and came down upon poor Mary with a charge which her whole soul, with all its small capacity, disdained. "It's nothing in this living world, but just your *envy*, Mary, that makes you rake up such things and throw 'em in my face! It's jest because you wish you—you—was—a going to marry Higgins—Timothy Higgins, Esq., yourself, instead of me."

"I don't! I don't!" hysterically shouted Mary. "I wouldn't have him if he was all strung over with dimons! You are welcome to Higgins and all the good he'll do you, that you are! We'll see how it will come out, and who guesses right!"

Such breezes as this were not of unfrequent occurrence during the days of preparation for Miss Dresser's wedding. She seemed intent on making it clear to Mary's benighted understanding, that she had by no means compromised her principles in the step she was projecting, but rather that she was carrying out the long-hidden designs of Providence just developing. Mary was only convinced that she was carrying out *her own* designs; and she was so faithful, she bitterly regretted that her mistress should take a course which in all human probability would issue in abject misery and ruin.

The neighbours were more astonished, if possible, than Mary herself. It had been an established opinion in every household, and in every circle of gossips, that Miss Prudence never would be married, and that she had a great deal better not. Her habits were so fixed, her opinions so dogmatic, her temper so acrimonious, her whole soul and spirit so completely selfish, it was an axiom laid down in everybody's judgment, that Miss Dresser was not the lady to make a home and a husband happy. Besides, the lookers-on saw another danger. With the most pinching and narrow-souled parsimony, she had hoarded principal and interest till her estate, originally far from

contemptible, had accumulated into a strong temptation to unprincipled fortune-hunters to take the bank stock and mortgages, and if it *must be so*, the incumbrance along with them, till said incumbrance could be somehow quietly worried out of the way.

And then Miss Dresser grudged the indispensable expenses of her household, and bemoaned every bone that must waste or be eaten by a strange dog—how then would she like to open her purse, and support the riotous and voluptuous habits Mr. Timothy Higgins was reputed to indulge? How would she like to see her precious money, the desire of her eyes and the god of her idolatry, scattered hither and thither, to satisfy rapacious creditors, and pay the scores run up at the grog-shop and the gaming-table! It was everybody's firm opinion that Mr. Higgins, with all his boast of wealth and plenty, was completely aground, and that Miss Dresser's money, more than the solace he might hope to find in Miss Dresser's society, held out the bait to enter into matrimonial relations with that very miserly and caustic individual. Some of the "oldest" and boldest "inhabitants" ventured on the preface to an exposition of these current opinions, but Miss Dresser silenced it in a moment. "She guessed she knew what she was about,—she guessed she could call for advice when she wanted it; she guessed people had better mind their own business and let other folks alone; that was her rule according to Scripture, and she guessed she was one of them that was not to be meddled with,—she was!"

Miss Dresser came off victorious with her full-charged battery,—the well-intentioned assailants retreated with crest and ears drooping; perfectly convinced that none are so blind as those that won't see, and that you had better take live burning coals in your hand, or warm vipers in your bosoms, than to meddle with love matters!

Well, Miss Prudence had her own way, and married Mr. Higgins, and Mr. Higgins clapped his wings and crowed as loud as he could without being discovered in his exultation, that she had proved herself so unpardonably foolish, so utterly beside herself as to walk with so little show of reluctance, ay, with so much precipitation even, upon the perilous ground which but for her substantial propping, was all ready to crash away beneath him. Brutally intemperate and desperately in debt, he had no remorseful scruples whatever in taking any measures that would save him from the prison, and gratify his odious passion for wine and the gaming-table. While he was a *lover*, he put on what airs of tenderness he could recall, and played the gallant as well as his old, gouty,

tottering limbs, and bedimmed understanding would allow. Miss Dresser was so pleased with the posture of affairs, so gratified with her approaching nuptials, that she grew exceedingly fond and silly, and *almost* liberal. She treated her dear Timothy every day to generous potations of that grand old wine; when he complained of languor and terrible distress at the stomach, and gnawings, and burnings, and *such a goneness*, and then nothing composed him to sleep like a drop of hot punch before retiring. The bride elect shut her eyes to the import of all these "gnawings and burnings," and other symptoms of besotted drunkenness compelled to a reluctant furlough. The "hand-writing on the wall" itself she would have controverted just at this juncture, and persisted in pitying the poor soul that suffered so cruelly and so patiently—she only feared before her marriage, that she would too soon be a bereaved and mournful "widow woman."

It was Mrs. Higgins's fixed purpose, however, as soon as honey-moon should be in its zenith, to persuade or compel Mr. Higgins into the total abstinence plan—at any rate, to turn the key on her wine, if a solitary bottle should chance to escape till that time. It "did beat all how dry Mr. Higgins was, and how much he would hold!" But in this she intended to glory. He had had the reputation of drinking rather more than was for his own good, or the good of anybody else, except the dealers in such luxuries. Mrs. Higgins intended to work wonders on the seared old sinner, and display him to the world as a monument of the power and the beauty of woman's control. To control Mr. Higgins and to begin pretty soon, too, she fully designed, and on this point as well as in divers other particulars, where each had invincible partialities, they might reasonably enough look out for a little matrimonial jarring—for Mr. Higgins had always been used to despotism over his own household, and he was as resolutely determined to govern *her* on absolute principles, as she was to reform and improve *him*, on absolute principles. Both were intolerably selfish—the one was wickedly prodigal, the other wickedly avaricious, and how can two walk together, when each persists in taking a path diametrically opposed to the other?

Mr. Higgins and Miss Dresser never ought to have been married; but, as I have said above, setting aside all remonstrance and expostulation directed towards the feminine party to the bargain, they were *hampered* in due form of law—the bridegroom distinctly promising an impossible thing, to "love, cherish, and protect" Miss Dresser, and the bride promising an equally impossible thing, "to love, honour, and obey" Mr. Higgins,—engagements which by mental reservation, both parties entirely ex-

cused themselves from fulfilling. Marriage is not marriage in such circumstances,—it is but a licensed compact, perfidiously entered into, for selfish and sensual ends,—it is but a sacrilegious prostitution of a holy and heaven-appointed covenant—a sin which surely works out its own wages in the very gall of bitterness!

For a little while Mr. and Mrs. Higgins seemed to be living as lovingly as a pair of turtle-doves, "cooing and billing" in a very stiff and awkward old-fashioned way, to be sure, but still it was "cooing and billing." They appeared to be enraptured with each other's society and conversation, and could scarcely endure a separation of half an hour. Mr. Higgins spent his evenings at his new home, and for a short season he really became almost a stranger, where he was wont to be an object as familiar as a sign, in all the taverns in the neighbourhood. He entertained Mrs. Higgins with such incidents of his personal history as had occurred when he happened to be in a state to take cognizance of them—told her what a man of sorrows he had been, how he had suffered from the "rheumatics," and what a relief such and such prescriptions of blessed strong bitters had been to him—what wealth he had commanded, and what losses he had sustained. Indeed, he talked Mrs. Higgins almost to death, gifted as she was in conversational accomplishments herself. Especially did he weary her by his inquisitiveness relative to the state of her funds,—a subject on which, of all others, she was most sensitive and reserved. But he came about her with a very wily coil, and had found out all he wanted to know in as crafty a style as he had wooed her with the "Ace of Hearts." The "Ace of Diamonds" had become trumps in the game he was playing now—duns of very threatening aspect began to clamour about his ears, and Mr. Higgins had nothing to pay with, but Mrs. Higgins's precious gold! It would not do to deceive her suddenly; she was none of the mildest in her temper, and it would be a pity indeed to overcloud honeymoon with squalls.

In a few weeks, however, when the novelty of the circumstances had a little subsided, Mr. Higgins did venture to suggest to his lady that he had been disappointed about the receipt of money from certain of his debtors, and that he very much wondered at the delinquency of the rascals, when it was such a serious inconvenience to him just at this time to wait. Mrs. Higgins, whose hearing on the subject of *wine*, before this juncture, had begun to grow a little thick, was deaf as an adder to the hint on this new and tender theme, and her lord was compelled to the mortifying necessity of telling her in set terms, that some of her spare pocket-money would accommodate him!

Mrs. Higgins was dissatisfied and angry—she had no spare pocket-money—she never had in all her life, but she did reluctantly open her “strong box,” and dole out a part of the specified amount, accompanying it with the first “upside down” glance she had bestowed on her dear Timothy since the silken chains had been fettering her. Mr. Higgins was dissatisfied and angry too, but he only expressed the high tone of his resentment, this first time, by knitting his brows, disclosing his “snags” after the model of a surly old dog, fretted enough to growl savagely, but not quite courageous enough to bite, and slamming out of the room with a tread that made all the dishes in the china closet jar and rattle.

“You won’t come that game over me, sir,” muttered Mrs. Higgins, as that excited gentleman her husband disappeared through the street door, clenching his fist, and knocking every innocent thing with his cane that came in his way. “No, Mr. Timothy Higgins, you don’t come that game over me, that you don’t!” and then her countenance assumed its old defiant expression, and she “locked the till” faster than ever, and sunk the key to the extreme bottom of her pocket.

This untoward broaching of the embarrassed state of the bridegroom’s pecuniary affairs, in an evil hour, seemed to be the signal for the disastrous onset of those perverse gales which soon began to sweep with more and more frequency across this “dead sea” of connubial life. Mr. Higgins resolved to become the financial agent of his lady, “*nolens volens*,” and to “love, cherish, and protect” the bank stock, mortgages, bonds, ready money, and wine in her possession, as well as her lovely self. The weaker vessel should by no means be the almoner in matters of so much consequence, according to Mr. Higgins’s logic. So he insisted on assuming the trust, and Mrs. Higgins refused and resisted the encroachment on her rights, till the bickering rose into a family tempest. Mr. Higgins applied the soft and endearing sobriquet of “hyena” to his amiable and loving bride, and Mrs. Higgins, quite overcome with such an effusion of tenderness, complimented her new husband by assuring him that he was a “guzzling brute,” and bidding him to “budge off her premises!”

But the knot once firmly tied, and no “sword” at hand, “budging” becomes something of a difficult business, as the history of married life will abundantly demonstrate. Besides these quarters were too comfortable to the corporeal, and the “spoils” too convenient in this case. Mr. Higgins might contemplate such an ejection for his lady on sufficient provocation, but he had not the most distant idea of “budging” himself, at least till he had

sponged the premises of everything that could be absorbed. And so the waves of domestic contention sometimes swelled into mountains, and anon the surface became such an ominous calm, that Mr. and Mrs. Higgins maintained the most inflexible silence toward each other for whole days together, only telegraphing the state of internal affairs, by those stormy glances which were intended on both sides to annihilate.

Alas! alas! it must be conceded that the pitcher was completely “upside down!” Mr. Higgins made no hesitation before six months had expired, when Mrs. Higgins’s hoarded wine was drained to the last drop, to stagger home from the bar-room at mid-day or midnight, intoxicated on the “deep draughts” he had paid for with Mrs. Higgins’s “spare pocket-money.” No wonder she felt outraged. A softer temper than hers would have given way before such bitter cause for indignation. The neighbours, as “miserable comforters as poor Job’s,” only tormented her with a solemn shake of the head, and a triumphant “I told you so! If you had only heeded to me!” Even Mary, though she looked pitifully at her mistress, could hardly help sometimes intimating that she had been faithfully exhorted before the irrevocable step was taken, and now she could blame nobody but her own self and Higgins for the issue of events, and bear it the best way she was able. Alas for the spinster’s idea of “Good Management.” She had started too confidently on the homœopathic plan, in one sense; but with her patient, “*similia similibus curantur*” was evidently an absurdity. He was too hardened a sinner to yield before any such influences as she could exert. Instead of becoming a good pious tetotal abstinence man, as she had resolved he should, Mr. Higgins wouldn’t hear of “temperance,” without threatening to shoulder his old firelock, and go out to battle valiantly for “fireside rights,” and “republican liberty.” No invasion of “free institutions” was the motto of his patriotism!

But if the subjects of temperance and other reforms galled the sensitive spirit of Mr. Higgins, his amiable and considerate spouse pecked away at them only just so much the more. “Keep it before the people,” was a maxim worn quite threadbare in her determination,—at least she took indefatigable pains to “keep it before” Mr. Higgins, “that he was a drunken good-for-nothing fellow, worthy of the ‘gallus,’ and she wished, heart and soul, that he had gone to the bottom of Botany Bay, before ever she had seen him!” In the course of three previous matrimonial campaigns, Mr. Higgins had had considerable practice in the “exchange” business, so he was generally ready to pay Mrs. Higgins back in any kind of

coin with which she served him (except that genuine kind which on credible authority is said to be the soil most favourable to the germination of "all evil"), with liberal interest, added in the form of sundry expletives and epithets, caught from his bar-room and grog-shop dealings. It would have been a very difficult thing to decide which was victor in these frequent "curtain" antagonisms, which began to make long chapters in the early married history of Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, or who had the honour of the closing appeal in their diurnal and nocturnal arguments.

Matters grew perpetually worse and worse. By the time Mrs. Higgins had enjoyed the conubial state a single year, the exhilarating gas under the insanity of which she had entered that state, had completely evaporated. Dire changes had "come over the spirit of her dream." Mr. Higgins had done, nobody knows what, with all her garnered wealth. Peradventure gamblers and bar-keepers could give some depositions on the subject, however, but everything was wasted that could be, and Mr. and Mrs. Higgins found themselves in the frosty autumn of life, the victims at which abject and pinching poverty was glaring. That nice and comfortable homestead, which had been Miss Dresser's birthplace and her pride through all the long years of her discontented maidenhood, was seized for debt, and remorselessly sold under the hammer, and in hysterical agonies, Mrs. Higgins had gone out from its beloved walls, and taken up her abode with her brutal husband, in a miserable and cheerless hovel, the last dilapidated fragment of her once ample wealth. But Mrs. Higgins was no less a termagant, and Mr. Higgins no less abusive and abominable, for the stern discipline of these misfortunes, if the direct results of the most determined folly ought to be dignified with the name of misfortune. Their life was one noisy torrent of crimination and recrimination, for ever at high tide, and too wrathfully boiling and breaking for an hour's repose. The days were stormy and sunless, and the nights not only starless, but "hideous." Long ago had Mr. Higgins kicked poor Mary out of the house, with imprecations and threatenings, though she still faithfully guarded for her wretched mistress a small sum of money she had contrived to secrete from the rapacity of her husband. Mary had indeed learned to her sorrow what "Bad Management" means, and that management desperately bad! For she felt that the very life of her old mistress was in danger from the drunken violence of her husband. So Mary kept as close a lookout as she might, stealthily visiting her comfortless abode when Higgins was away, and contributing to her necessities of such trifles as she could

smuggle into the house, undiscovered by its beastly master.

It happened one day that Mary had come on her errand of consolation and mercy, and Mr. Higgins unexpectedly arrived at home. As no meanness had become too mean for him to practise, he listened at the door to voices which he heard within.

"O it's too late to wish now, Mary; I'm a wretched woman; all my property that I meant to have done good with, is wasted and worse than wasted. But I charge you, Mary, don't let Higgins get hold of my strong box; there is money in it—money that would make me comfortable if he was only under ground! Do you burn it—bury it—anything, rather than that he should have it, the brute!"

This exhortation was delivered at a keen and wiry pitch, with a frenzied earnestness broken by sobs and moanings. Higgins knew it was his wife.

"So she has been hiding money from me, her lawful husband! The sneaking old vixen," growled Mr. Higgins from halfway down his throat. "Wal, there never was a time when it would come handier to use it!" Then bursting into the miserable room stammering with drunken rage, he ordered Mary, at the peril of her neck, to deliver up the strong box!

Mary trembled from head to foot, but Mrs. Higgins—the heroine—with the strength of an exasperated Amazon, wound her muscular arms about him, and shuffling him, resisting and reluctant, toward the door, she shrieked—

"Never set your foot across my threshold again! I'll take the law on you for a common vagabond, as you be! I'll have a divorce."

"Shet up that old clapper of yours, or you'll be sorry, old maid!" retorted Mr. Higgins, struggling and writhing to free himself from such a bear-like clasp.

But he was effectually in limbo this time.

"You don't put a padlock on my mouth, you beast!" was the farewell that greeted him as he felt himself pushed fairly out of the door, and heard the key "click" behind him. He was more than half intoxicated; and at such an indignity he began to bloat with resentment. Gathering up his limbs, and recovering the upright as soon as he was able, and calculating for himself the advantage of a broad base, to accommodate the rather uncertain and vacillating perpendicular of his centre of gravity, he threw himself with all his force against the unyielding door. His repeated assaults, however, soon became too much for the crazy bolt. In vain Mrs. Higgins planted her hands against it, and pushed with all her might. In vain she cried to Mary for assistance. In vain, with witless confusion, Mary seized on the only "corps de reserve" she saw, the closet of dishes, and

whisked it into service! Mr. Higgins was forcing himself through the half-open door.

"Oh! you'll squeeze me to death!" shouted Mr. Higgins, as, with frantic energy, his lady strained every muscle to its utmost tension to split him in twain, and at any rate to keep half of him out. To increase the dismay of the garrison within, down went the cupboard and crash went the dishes, shattering into a thousand fragments as they fell.

The unearthly howlings without, and cries within, the crash of the crockery, and the heavy strokes on the door, had attracted the passers-by, who gathered about peering through the windows, to witness the "squabble," and enjoy the fun.

"Now let's see who'll beat, old woman," said Mr. Higgins, as he fairly crowded himself into the apartment with a huge bludgeon in his hand. "Clubs is trumps, I can tell you, the Ace of Clubs, too!" he continued, glaring on his lady with his inflamed and fiery eyes,—and then he dealt her a ferocious blow, which sent her staggering across the room, and then she fell—wounded, weltering, dying. Regardless of personal safety in her horror and alarm, Mary flew to the side of the expiring wife, and knelt down, screaming and fainting, that her eyes should ever behold such a bloody and fearful spectacle. Soon recovering herself, she sprang at Mr. Higgins, as if she was the commissioned minister of vengeance for all the wrongs her mistress had suffered at his hands.

"You've killed her! you've killed her, you wretch! you murderer! O, seize him! catch him! hang him quick! Bloody murder! Help! help!" shouted Mary; and then before anybody

could come to her aid, for the gazers without were almost paralysed by the issue of "the fun," she had firmly grappled with him, and wrenched from his murderous grasp the fatal weapon. The news flew like wildfire, and in a few minutes a crowd were pouring in, and Mr. Higgins, unresisting and indifferent, was taken into custody. Meanwhile Mrs. Higgins half opened her eyes, blearing with the dimness of death, and looked about her. The theories of her maidenhood seemed to be blending themselves deliriously with the latest passion that had excited her mind,—her care for the strong box, her only remaining treasure.

"Don't never let me hear it of you, Mary, I understand 'em—every one of 'em—a wicked deceiving set—take care that he don't get my strong box. There's money in it—"

"You are a dying, ma'am," sobbed Mary. "O dear! That ever I should live—"

"No I ain't—don't tell me!—keep it—" But before she could conclude the injunction, poor disappointed Prudence was a silent and motionless corpse.

My story can be concluded in a few words. Mr. Timothy Higgins was convicted, not of murder exactly, because he committed his last crime, as he had done most of his other crimes, in a state of intoxication,—but of "woman-slaughter," and he was accordingly sentenced to pass the remainder of his natural life within the walls of a gloomy prison. The last inexorable warder, however, soon relieved the public of the burden, shackled him with chains even stronger than his lifelong vices, and consigned him to the damp and dismal boundaries of a darker prison-house, the narrow limits of a securer dungeon.

HELOISE TO BRISSOT.*

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

THANK God, I glory in thy love, and mine!
And if they win a warm blush to my cheek,
It is not shame—it is a joy divine,
That only *there* its wild bright life may speak.

From that most sacred and ecstatic hour,
When, soul to soul, with blissful thrill we met,
My love became a passion, and a power,
Too proud, too high, for shame or for regret.

Come to me, dearest, noblest!—lean thy head,
Thy gracious head, once more upon my breast;
I will not shrink, nor tremble, but, instead,
Exulting, soothe thee into perfect rest.

I know thy nature, fervent, fond, yet strong,
That holds o'er passion an imperial sway;
I know thy proud, pure heart, that would not wrong
The frailest life that flutters in thy way;

And I, who love and trust thee, shall not I
Be safe and sacred on that generous heart?
Albeit, with wild and unavailing sigh,
Less firm than thou, I grieve that we should part!

Ah! let thy voice, in dear and low replies,
Chide the faint doubt I sooner *say* than *think*;
Come to me, darling!—from those earnest eyes
The immortal life of love I fain would drink!

* See the Tales of Madame Raybaud.

MY BROTHERS.

BY ELIZA L. SPROAT.

(See Engraving.)

I HAVE a merry brother, that's very dear to me,
And trills unchecked from morn to night, his ceaseless
tune of glee;
Now talking sweetly to himself, now shouting loud with
joy,
There's no such pet in Christendom, as this our darling
boy.

Who can but love the beautiful? I see my rogue at play;
He's folded round his glowing form a gloomy robe of gray;
A monk! a monk! the young brow's knit with mocking
solemn scowl,
The red mouth's pursed, the blue eyes leap beneath a
friar's cowl.

His soft dark golden locks float like a glory round his head;
His little tender rosy foot strikes firmly in its tread.
All living hues of beauty glow beneath that dull gray
shroud,
A smiling fairy stepping forth from out a veiling cloud.

I have a quiet brother, with deep'ning twilight eyes,
Where, as you gaze, new thoughts look forth, like stars
from darkening skies;
With a rich low voice, and earnest look, that seems with
gentle ruth
To plead with all for sympathy, and claim from all their
truth.

My true, deep-hearted brother—yet if an impulse start,
A constant fear of cold repulse still checks the leaping
heart;
And while with yearning wild and strong, he fain would
bare his soul,
A doubting, sullen bashfulness aye holds him in control.

My shrinking, timid brother—yet far in those deep eyes,
A wealth of love, a might of scorn, a hate of meanness
lies;
And when right bows, or great souls quail, or plotting
small have sway,
The indignant angel scarce can bide its cramping bonds of
clay.

My silent, haughty brother! I see thy trembling soul,
Like some fine strung Æolian, at every breath's control,
Shrink proudly from the world's rude touch, and quiring
all alone,
They soon will sneer, because they hear no music in thy
tone.

Alas! for thee, my brother! I see the years press on,
A cold, dull crowd, with petty whips to beat thy spirit
down,
Neglect shall crush, and falsehood goad, with stings most
keen and fine;
What duller hearts would bear unfelt, shall eat like fire
in thine.

Still it shall be thy fate to seek, and find no kin to thee;
To set thy mark too high, and mourn that others cannot
see;
A stranger at thy mother's board—a pilgrim in thy land,
Whom many scorn, and some may love, but none will un-
derstand;

To strive, and fail; to love, and doubt; to trust, and suffer
wrong;
To side with right, and fight for truth, and find but mean-
ness strong;
Till thy sick tortured soul shall deem this sweet earth
wholly vile—
God shelter thee, my brother! I will pray for thee the
while.

THE LOST THOUGHT.

BY E. BOGART.

I'VE lost a thought, which came to me last night,
Clothed in its own ethereal light.
I fancied I could keep it in my heart,
And make it of my very dreams—a part;
And with the morning write it down,—
But now 'tis lost amid the noisy town.

I cannot call it back with all my skill,
Oblivion's power has conquered will.
I know not whether to my mind it brought
The burden of spring flowers, with fragrance fraught,
Or singing birds, in woodlands wild,—
Or love-dreams,—such as once my heart beguiled.

I cannot tell what might have filled my page,
Whether a subject grave, or sage,
Or some light theme from regions of romance,
Or, cobweb castle in the air, perchance,
Doomed at the world's rude touch, to fall,
As beautiful ideals perish all.

But why should I that single thought regret!
So many others, I forget!
Imaginations come, and pass away,
Ere the heart's lyre is put in tune to play;
And, wearied o'er the silent strings,
The Muse's spirit sleeps, with folded wings.

I look back on the years all unimproved,
Through which, in idleness I've roved;
And feel that I have lost time's tide, and cast
Full many a chance on the returnless past;
And life's unwritten poetry,
Will come no more in fancies bright to me.

I've lost the first, fresh novel thoughts of youth,
The fond belief of love and truth.
The power on fleeting images to seize,
Has all been yielded to inglorious ease.
I've been a lingerer in the chase,
While others have pressed on and won the race.

* THE WARNING,
OR MIRIAM NEWTON'S PROBATION.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"Have I not been nigh a mother
To thy sweetness—tell me, dear?
Have we not loved one another
Tenderly from year to year,
Since our dying mother mild
Said, with accents undefiled,
'Child, be mother to this child?'"

MISS BARRETT.

THE bell announcing that study hours for the day were over sounded through the seminary buildings. Virgils were closed with alacrity, and French exercises were tossed aside. A hum of sweet voices swept out into the portico, light feet danced through the long halls, and every one seemed resolved to spend her holiday afternoon as happily as possible.

"Where is Ellen Newton?" said a dozen voices at once, as the recitation-room was emptied. No one had seen her all the morning, and Alice Cooper, her friend and confidant, volunteered to "find her out."

Twice had she tapped lightly at the door of No. 27, ere the accustomed "*entrez*," gave her liberty to enter; and then it was pronounced in a low, faltering voice, as if the speaker was in tears. And so it proved, for Alice was alarmed to find Ellen still in her morning dress, and her eyes were sadly dimmed, as if she had wept bitterly. Alice sat down beside her friend, and silently passed her arm about her waist; she could not recall any occasion for grief. Ellen never offended her teachers, as the thoughtless Alice too often did,—she never neglected her recitations, and was in perfect health that morning, for it had been her turn to bring the letters from the village post-office.

There was a manuscript package lying near them, and as she saw the half pitying, half wondering look of her visiter, Ellen pointed toward it. The direction was familiar to Alice. It was the hand of Ellen's only sister, Miriam, and she eagerly asked:—"Was Miriam ill? was Ellen going to leave them?"

For a moment there was no reply, save a low sob, and then the long letter was put into the hands of Alice, and her friend said, "Sister has given me permission to read it to you;" and with arms entwined, and their eyes bent upon the same page, the young girls read on together.

A more than ordinary attachment existed between the two. On first entering a large seminary where all were strangers, Ellen had clung to the light-hearted Alice, as the only link con-

necting her with the far-off home in which they had first met,—and afterwards, even when she had become a general favourite, Alice was her confidant and firm supporter in all the little trials of a school-girl life.

It is true, that young lady had of late declared herself jealous of a certain "Cousin Horace,"—a *sobriquet*, for he was not a relative,—who had paid a visit of several weeks to the quiet country village in which the seminary was located. A visit that had been repeated the succeeding vacation, which the friends had passed together at Mr. Cooper's pleasant country seat. Alice had told Ellen's room-mate on their return, that all the use they had found for her was "playing propriety," in their *tête-à-tête* rides and rambles; how merrily the girls laughed at the idea of Alice Cooper's being "proper!"

But to Miriam's letter; thus it ran—

"I like your candour, my dear sister, in thus telling me all the story of your acquaintance with Horace. It would have pained me had you hidden one feeling of your heart, had you left me to have learned it through strangers, or from the lips of any but yourself.

"We are alone in the world, my sister. We have none but each other with whom we are closely connected. I have but *you*, Ellen, to love. Think then with what emotions I must ever listen to the history of your joys and sorrows; how I tremble for your future happiness, even as I have watched over and prayed for you in times that are past. Since our mother gave you to my charge when dying,—ay, from the terrible hour that left us fatherless, I have tried—God alone knows how faithfully—to keep the promise made to the dead. I stood by the side of that mother when the sleep that knows no waking had at last ended her troubled existence, and watched you smiling in the arms of your nurse, unaware of the loss you had sustained; and I silently renewed my vow, that you should never know the want of a parent's watchful care.

"It was a fearful trust for one so young and erring as myself, but even then my heart was chilled; the blight of earthly sorrow had passed over it. It is too true that 'knowledge by suffering entereth'—and I was far older in thought than in years. The care proved a blessing, Ellen, as cares often do. It gave me a new interest in life, which, young as I was, I almost esteemed a burden; it taught me that each has a part, however humble, in its drama, and that selfish sorrow is a sin against that Parent, who 'chasteneth those He loves.'

"I have striven that you, my darling, might never stray from the path of rectitude, so that punishment might be needed. I watched over your young mind as it gradually unfolded, and saw that the germ of a high intellect and an affectionate heart lay within. So you grew up all that I could wish you. Then came the fear that I had made you my idol, and that the incense offered from my sinful heart might sully the purity of your own. I saw, too, that your nature, naturally dependent, was growing weak, and that you lacked that self-reliance which was to fit you to tread the path of life alone; for, unnerve me as it did, I knew the time must come—it might be very speedily—when I should be taken from you, and you be left, perchance, to bear with adverse fortune. Though it seemed like severing the last tie which bound me to earth, I came from the struggle resolved to part with you for a season, and, placing you in the care of one who was our mother's friend, I left you to bear the little trials of a school-girl's life alone.

"You know how earnestly I charged you to write to me of every thought and hope. I felt that my counsel still might aid you, and I knew that so long as you kept your promise faithfully, nothing of evil could be harboured in your heart. Accustomed to watch every variation of your moods, I was not at all surprised, when your love for Horace was at last confessed. The suspicion that it would be so, has more than once entered my mind. I say to you candidly, that I know of no one to whom I would sooner entrust your future happiness; had it been otherwise, I should not have permitted your late correspondence, and should not have hesitated to warn you of his growing attachment. Still, young as you both are, I do not think it quite advisable to be bound by an engagement. Many years must elapse, many changes of life must be passed through, ere you can stand to each other in the most holy relation of life, and during this time your characters, now forming, may grow dissimilar,—your hopes and wishes may change. This will seem strange to you now, and I trust it may *never* be thus.

"There is one thing, that more than aught else, will tend to prevent it: perfect confidence

in each other's truth, perfect reliance in the purity of each other's motives;—this will give an undisturbed intercourse of heart; and *concealment* is the worst enemy you have to fear. You cannot at present feel the importance of this, for now every emotion is shared, but to impress it more fully, I will tell you, dear sister, a part of my own sad history, that until now has been hidden from even my dearest friends. Let Alice read with you the warning, and may you both be preserved from like frailty.

"At sixteen I left school; I was young, but a brother and sister having died in infancy, I had been an only child until your birth the preceding year. I had been petted as such, and now was allowed to have my own way, in this as in all else. I had always remembered my mother as a delicate, nervous invalid, and papa was too fond of me to contradict me in any trifling matter. I had ever been what is called 'a fine scholar,'—for a good memory was among my natural gifts—and, thus with comparatively little trouble, I learned my own lessons, and was at leisure to assist less fortunate classmates. I had naturally become a general favourite, and flattering remarks, to one so susceptible, were easy payments for the services thus rendered. In this way flattery had become—almost imperceptibly—necessary to my existence, and when I entered society, young, accomplished, and an heiress, the vice was not at all checked, by those who 'followed, flattered, sought, and sued.'

"For a time, I gave myself up to the whirl of this new excitement. Papa was delighted at my success, and mamma unconsciously fostered my fault by making me recount my triumphs, to amuse her sick-room. Every whim, no matter how costly, was gratified, and my cup of happiness seemed filled to the very brim. Still, after the first flush of novelty had passed, I became restless and discontented. I grew weary of the fashionable crowd. I felt that I was destined for a purer existence, that a deeper nature than those around me dreamed of, lay ready to be developed. They saw me vain and giddy, and thought no voice but that of adulation would be grateful to my ear. But oh, the hidden 'yearning to be understood, cherished, and loved!' Not for my beauty, not for my wealth, or talents, if any I had, but for the love that my heart might offer.

"At length the fulfilment of this wish seemed at hand. A distant cousin, Claude Rossiter, returned from a northern college, where he had passed the last three years; and ere I had seen him—

My heart was as a prophet, to my heart,
And told me I should love.'

"A portrait, taken in his boyhood, had always hung in mamma's room, and both she

and our father had been accustomed to speak of their orphan relative as a son. We had not met for many years, but often had exchanged playful messages through papa's letters, and once he had asked for my miniature, which had been sent to him. As the time for his arrival drew near, I grew strangely impatient. I listened with flushed cheeks to papa's frequent praises of his ward, but I avoided even the mention of his name. At length he came. I had so longed for the day, yet, as the hour of meeting drew near, I shrunk from its approach. My toilette occupied me more hours than I had ever bestowed upon it before. I altered my hair from curls to braids, and then wished that it would curl again. Even after it was completed, my mirror was more than once consulted, to rearrange every trifle. For the first time in my life, I doubted my own power of attraction, and, so timid had I become, that when he was at length announced, I could scarcely rise to meet him.

"And this is Miriam!" said he, kindly. "I should have known you anywhere; though you *have* become a young lady, I do not see that you have altered much!"

"I withdrew my hand from the affectionate clasp, that sent a strange thrill to my very heart, and tried to still its beatings as I answered coldly. He seemed disappointed at my greeting, and, to cover my embarrassment, I enticed you from Nurse, and, for almost the first time in my life, tried to amuse you.

"As soon as a reasonable excuse offered, I left the parlour, and hastened to my own room. I threw myself upon the sofa, and clasped my hands tightly over my heart, as if for fear that the poor fluttering, throbbing prisoner would escape. And yet I was vexed, disappointed. I was vexed that he should think me unaltered. I had hoped he would have remarked the change from a romping school-girl, to what I thought a beautiful, graceful woman. I was disappointed in him. Despite the boyish portrait, which was by no means flattering, I had idolized him as very beautiful, and I found him almost the reverse. Indeed, a delicate, almost feminine mouth, and large eloquent eyes, that mirrored every emotion, were all that redeemed him from absolute plainness.

"I need not tell you, Ellen, how that disappointment grew to earnest, fervent love. He never saw the weak points of my character. Before him I concealed all lightness, all frivolity. Love had made me already a better and nobler woman, and I tried to be in reality all that I seemed in his presence. The development of Claude's affection was more gradual; it seemed to come to his heart

but never till I saw those calm eyes lighted with deep emotion, and marked the quivering lips, as he told me that his future happiness was in my keeping, did I dream of the wealth of that tenderness which was now so freely bestowed upon me.

"Our father was delighted when Claude had confessed all to him. I am almost sure that he had looked forward to this; and mamma welcomed her son, as she had always called him, more warmly than ever before. I remember that he now spoke always of you as '*our* little sister,' and you cannot think of the charm conveyed in that one simple word.

"For a time I was perfectly happy; but the parting came. Claude was to spend two years at a German University, so said his father's will. In the mean time our engagement was to remain secret, and on his return we were to be united.

"Claude was not jealous in disposition, neither was his love of an exacting nature.

"I will accept no vows from you, Miriam," said he, as we sat together the evening before his departure. "You are very young, and beautiful," (it was the first time an allusion to my personal appearance had ever fallen from his lips.) "It would be injustice in me to bind you with pledges that some day may prove but irksome shackles. Nay, do not look at me so reproachfully," for my lips quivered, and the tears sprung to my eyes, that he could dream I should ever love him less. "Do you not know, darling,

"The thing we love *may* change!"

Yet I cannot believe, even though I seem to reason coldly, that the day will ever come when those eyes will speak any other language, than perfect purity and perfect love."

"He drew me more closely to him as he added:—"I am a strange creature, nevertheless, and you may think me unkind, yet I have one thing which I wish you to promise me. Should you ever love me less, I must hear it first from you. I could not endure, that while I still lavished my love, your heart should cherish the image of another. Such wilful deception I would never, *never* pardon."

"His vehemence alarmed me; for a moment I gave no answer, then I unshrinkingly encountered the gaze of those earnest, almost mournful eyes, and said calmly, 'Claude, I should feel that your words were unjust, did I not know how good and honourable is the love that prompted them. *If I should ever deliberately deceive you on this point, I will never hope to regain your confidence and esteem.*'

"It shall be as you have said," was the whispered reply, and I felt tears, yes, burning

'Like light into a fountain running o'er;'

tears fall on the hand that was clasped in his own.

"For a month or two after his departure, I shunned all society; my own thoughts were sufficient companions. I passed many hours in entire solitude, while I recalled every look, every tone, of the absent one. Each expression of his fondness for me was repeated in the stillness, and I sometimes smiled as I thought how needless had been his parting request.

"But the winter advanced; the season was unusually gay, even for our crowded city, and soon these precious recollections grew dim and indistinct, and in my dreams I oftener saw the faces of those who now crowded around, than the calm eyes of love that had once seemed bending over my pillow. Still the reception of his frequent letters were joyful epochs, and they were answered in a kindly, affectionate spirit.

"At length my faith wavered, and one who truly was not at fault became my suitor. The secret of my engagement was not known beyond our family circle, and he saw no bar to his hopes. I was the guilty one, for I am conscious that I encouraged him by look and tone. Yet I was fearfully startled when a rumour of his constant devotion and evident acceptance, began to float about our fashionable circle. A voice within whispered that I had already trifled too far, but I stifled it, though it ever sounded in my ears, as I read or replied to Claude's constant and delightful letters. The quiet lasted not always; the report reached him through the messages of some friendly correspondent, and I was roused at last by a letter, oh, so kind, yet so sorrowful, that but reminded me of my promise. He conjured me, as I valued his future peace, and my own, to examine well my heart, and see if I had not deceived myself with regard to my love for him. I never shall forget the conclusion of that earnest appeal.

"I speak but for your own happiness, darling; for I love you so dearly, so far, so very far beyond my own insignificant and selfish enjoyment, and I am proud that my heart has a strength so to love, though the multitude would probably misapprehend it altogether; I would claim your confidence to such an unreserved extent, as to declare in the holiness of truth, that if your misgivings at all preponderate, the fact should be communicated to me as your best friend, in the assurance that I would guide you disinterestedly aright. Ay, even though I thus saw every hope for the future destroyed! I should not blame you in the slightest, if it is as I fear, but I should regard it as a deadly wrong—more to yourself than to me—if I were not so confided in.

"I am aware that this is all very different from what is usually believed of lovers; but it is my peculiarity, that if I thought a rival bet-

ter calculated than myself to make her I loved happy, I could—at least I *think* I could—crush and cast aside my own pretensions, and sacrifice myself to procure her welfare. For what am I, to require an immolation?"

"That letter has been discoloured by time, and the words one half effaced by bitter tears, but they are *burned on my memory*, Ellen!

"With a heart full of self-reproach, of regret at my past conduct, and fears for the future, I was summoned to meet the very object of these words. Ere I was aware of the import of what he said, for my mind was turbulent with a thousand thoughts, I had listened to an avowal which, as the betrothed of another, it was guilt for me to hear. I remember indistinctly saying something of an insurmountable obstacle, but the words were unheard, the blush of shame was misconstrued; weak, guilty that I was to suffer it, a kiss was pressed upon the lips that should have told him they were sacred to another!

"I could not, I dared not speak. Quick as thought, I resolved I would write that very day and explain it all; even at the risk of being termed a heartless coquette. So I suffered him to leave me in error.

"I passed the night in agony, such as your pure nature can never conceive of; you will never know, my sister, the misery which guilt, ay, *perjury* must bring. Before morning I had written two letters; they lay side by side as the day dawned. One to Claude denying all foundation for his fears, even reproaching him that he should cherish them! Shudder not, Ellen. God knows my repentance has been 'in dust and ashes.' I thought to spare him misery; I knew that my vanity and pride only had been aroused in my acquaintance with S—, and I hoped my fault could be repaired by unswerving devotion in the future. I forgot that the purity which he so prized in me was thus lost, I knew not that I should be ever haunted by that burning kiss, the seal of my falsehood!

"The other letter gave a partial explanation of my engagement. I did not tell whom I had so injured, but said that we were unavoidably separated for the present. I prayed S— to forget that he had ever known me, and to pardon me for *seeming* (?) duplicity. I never saw him again; the next day he had taken passage for Europe; but I heard from one who knew him well that he had cursed me deeply, for a vile coquette, and that mortified pride mingled strongly with his disappointment.

"I felt now that I was free again. Free to retrieve past errors, free from the fear that the tale would ever reach Claude. But vengeance was swift in flight. Claude had been the bosom friend of S—. They met at Heidelberg;

mutual confidences were interchanged, and S——, still burning with resentment, poured out his rage and his disappointment to the very man whom, most of all, he would have shunned, had he known the whole. His excited imagination coloured the picture. I was represented as most heartless, most calculating; 'I had even allowed his caresses.' Such was the terrible revelation to which Claude listened.

"Yes, listened calmly as to a thrice-told tale, and in the letter penned to me ere he slept, no tremor was betrayed. But its very calmness withered me. Its forbearance told how he despised the falsehood of which I had been guilty!

"'Wilful deception, he would never forgive!'

"My father never knew how weak I had been. Claude left to me all explanations. He alluded only once to the change in his hopes, and referred him to me as the cause. I dared not deceive again, but I begged that for a little time all might rest unexplained. I did not wish to meet Claude again, now that the sentence of separation was pronounced. I knew that I never could endure the gaze of those calm, searching eyes. Yet I yearned to hear forgiveness from his lips; and often have I awaked in the still and holy night, murmuring 'forgive,' 'forgive,' while my pillow was wet with tears that could not wash out the stain.

"One year had sped since I had received that fatal letter, and though so great a change had passed over *me*, outwardly there was none in our family circle. True, our mother grew daily more delicate, and papa now and then complained of a quick sharp pain near his heart, that, for a time, alarmed us not a little. But as both he and our physician made light of the attack, I gradually forgot that they had ever been, so wrapped was I in my selfish sorrow.

"I remember one evening that papa was more than usually affectionate. He seemed to invite my confidence, but I still shrunk from probing the wound. 'Do not let that scape-grace Claude vex you in this way, my pet,' was his whispered good night, and then he kissed me tenderly.

"I awoke the next morning from a flushed and feverish sleep, urged by a strange prompting. I had read, ere retiring, some of Claude's first letters, and in my dreams I had lived over again the short yet blissful period of my betrothal. A hand grasped my own; it was our mother's, and its fearful coldness chilled my veins like ice. 'Your father, Miriam; come to his room, I cannot wake him.'

"It was a low, hoarse whisper, and there was an unnatural brightness in her eyes.

"But, sister, you have heard all the horror that awaited me. That we were suddenly made fatherless by the disease whose approaches had

been so silent, and that from the moment of the fearful discovery our mother's reason wandered. No wonder. To bend over the dearest earthly idol with a morning kiss, and to find that the seal of death was already pressed on the pale brow! Without warning, without farewell! Even to the strongest it would have been a terrible ordeal. Then a long and dangerous illness followed; for months my own life was despaired of, and God forgive me that I prayed for death. But in the long dull hours of convalescence, a change came to my heart. I began to have an imperfect and feeble conception of the use of sorrow in purifying our nature, and, as I grew less selfish, I saw that my life had been spared for the sake of others. My physician assured me there was little hope that our mother would ever recover her reason; thus we were orphaned at a single blow.

"He told me, moreover, that, by my father's will, more than one half of his property was to pass into the hands of Claude, on condition—or rather with the expectation that he would make me his wife. The will was dated a few weeks after our engagement. Our mother's jointure was secured to you at her death. As we had no other near relatives, Dr. Barry, who was one of the executors, had written to Claude long before, requesting his immediate return, that these arrangements might be at once adjusted.

"He came. The evening of the day on which I had first seen our mother in her helpless and sorrowful affliction, a note with the well-remembered signature was placed in my hands. There was no one near me. Oh, how feverishly it was pressed to my heart, to my lips, ere it was unsealed! I seemed at once to have risen above my grief. I had at least one friend remaining. Then came the revulsion, for as I read on, a consciousness of the gulf that separated us was forced back upon me.

"Yet his note was kind, very kind. A brother would have written so to an only sister suffering from like bereavement; but I missed those words,

'Which from *his* lips, seemed a caress,'

the many little tokens his letters had ever contained that I was his all of life.

"'Would I see him the ensuing day?' At first I could but think of the pleasure of being in his presence once more. But I denied my heart this, and in very kindness, for I knew how difficult it would be to restrain all the torrent of grief, self-reproach, and hopelessness, that was swelling there! That my first impulse would be to cast myself upon his bosom—nay, at his feet, and sue for pardon and for comfort. And then the fear that he would repulse me—that would have driven me mad.

"So day after day he was denied; for his presence was sometimes necessary in the house, and he always asked kindly for me. I heard his voice, Ellen, often, his tread upon the stairs, both still so dear. Once his very breath was on my cheek, as he passed close to my concealment, for I looked on him, though he never dreamed how I haunted his footsteps. At length all was arranged; he had refused to accept even my father's more trifling legacies, lest he should aid in depriving us of our comfort and luxury, that we had been accustomed to. As it was, a partial sacrifice of property was necessary, and, though comfortable, we were left with much less wealth than the world had usually accredited to us.

"Then Claude left the city—his country. I have heard from him now and then through strangers. He has become a professor, in a foreign university—he is loved and respected.

"I need not tell you how my heart sunk within me, when I knew that the last hope of reconciliation was for ever past! Then began my daily, hourly struggles, for resignation to my altered lot, for happiness in the discharge of the duties now devolving upon me. You were my greatest solace through all. Love, hope, and pride, became centered in you, even before our mother's partial recovery of reason, and her peaceful death.

"Had I obeyed inclination, I should have shut myself from all society; but I found that solitude cherished both regret for the past and fears for the future. I emerged from my long seclusion, and endeavoured to find interest in every-day occurrences.

"Of late you, as well as myself, can judge how I have trodden the lonely path thus marked out, sometimes through bitterness of spirit, often even in anguish. It has been a fearful struggle, and God only knows when the end will come.

"But I have told you this not to win your sympathy, but as a warning, lest you should ever swerve from the right. Think how—but for falsehood—I might have been more than blessed. Darling, God shield *you*."

The closing paragraph bore a later date, and was written in a hurried uneven hand.

"Ellen, I have heard that he is now on his return. Yesterday, I was told that he might be hourly expected. Shall we meet again! After more than twelve years' separation—can he have forgotten me!"

"It is very sad," said Alice Cooper, as they finished reading the long letter. "But don't cry any more, dear Nell, I am sure Miriam will be happy after all. She is so good, she deserves to be, I am sure."

"And to think, Alice, that he never forgave

her. I hope he never will come. I am sure I shall hate him, if he is my cousin."

It was the evening before the annual examination, of the — Female Seminary: a yearly festival of the little village in which it was located, for strangers from all parts of the Union then thronged the narrow sidewalks, and crowded the small hotels.

Many had already arrived, and joyous greetings were everywhere heard. Two stage-coaches instead of the one lumbering vehicle which usually brought the mail, had dashed up successively to the principal inn, and many a school-girl's heart beat high as among the passengers a father, brother, or friend, were recognised. Ellen Newton alone seemed downcast, and as she stood with Alice, leaning against the pillars of the portico, her sweet face grew almost sad, as arrival after arrival was reported, and Miriam had not come. Besides, to confess the truth, a whisper in her heart had bade her expect that Horace would have been her sister's escort, for she had received no outward intimation of such an event. But it had become a fixed fact in her mind that so it was to be, and thus there was a double disappointment.

"Do not mind me, Alice," she said at length, with a trifle of pettishness in tone and manner; "tell your father I will come and see him by and by, when I have recovered a little from my disappointment."

"But Miriam may come yet," replied Alice, coaxingly.

"No, the Loring and the Simpsons came an hour ago. She would have been with them, or with the Bradleys; you know she can't travel alone."

"So it seems," shouted Alice, for just then a neat private carriage had driven up, and Miriam's face looked eagerly from the window.

A sweet, sad face it was, though no one would have dreamed that those large gray eyes had looked upon more than thirty years of this world's strife.

Sadness had become as it were an habitual expression, but such a smile of delight, and such a blush of surprise, or eagerness, as lighted that face when she caught sight of Ellen!

The sisters saw but each other. However, Alice Cooper remarked the grave tall gentleman that handed Miriam out; and her romance-loving little head decided at once that he could be none other than the veritable Claude. Moreover, as Ellen turned from Miriam's fond embrace, she blushed also, for Cousin Horace was of the party, and was eagerly waiting his turn of recognition. If he was not permitted the cordial pressure which Miriam was entitled to, the glance of welcome, and the light

touch of that little hand seemed to satisfy him fully.

The three entered the house together, and Alice Cooper stole away, so that her presence might not interrupt explanations. Alice *was* thoughtful sometimes, though it must be confessed that she gained little credit for it, at home or at school.

Before many hours her forbearance was rewarded by Ellen's long and confidential communication. She had guessed rightly for once; the grave gentleman was Cousin Claude, who had come back from Europe unmarried, and with the very intention of seeing Miriam again. Ellen wondered how her sister even thought him plain, he had such a pleasant smile, and the sweetest voice in the world.

Miriam's repentance had at last found its reward. Her error, magnified as it had been by the rage of the one she had rejected, was found to be nothing in comparison to their mutual happiness. Claude had reproached himself again and again for his rashness and haughty refusal to listen to any explanation, and declared that Miriam was tenfold more lovable now, in her softened and delicate beauty, than when they had been plighted in youth. A yearning for the love he had so

easily surrendered, followed him ever in his honourable but lonely career, and this had at last *urged* him to seek once more "the friend of his youth." Mutual explanation, mutual forgiveness, was the result; and perhaps the love thus re-illuminated was all the stronger and purer for its threatened annihilation.

They were all so happy!

"And you will have a brother at last, Ellen," said Alice; "how often I have heard you wish for one; and a husband, perhaps, one of these days; who knows!"

If we may trust the blush that came with this saucy remark to the cheek of the listener, Alice was again not far from right. As to the first proposition, Miriam and Claude were married, and that speedily, for they both confessed they had already lost too many years of each other's society. Few among the many friends of Miriam Rossiter dreamed to what a trial her youth had been subjected, though they saw daily its results in her calm and beautiful life; and Claude, proud and very happy, often asked himself if his gentle wife could be the same with the light-hearted, high-spirited girl he had first loved.

But, reader, he never regretted the change.

THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

I stood by the open casement
And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of their long triumphal march;

Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, for ever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan,
And the Moon, like a mailed maiden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small,
But these might be in their great height
The noblest of them all.

Downward, for ever downward,
Behind Earth's dusky shore

They passed into the unknown night,
They passed and were no more.

No more! Oh, say not so—
And downward is not just;
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of Death
May hide the bright array,
The marshalled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward, for ever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of Time.

And long let me remember,
That the palest, fainting one
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blazing sun.

LOOK UPWARD.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

If thou art one on whom the cares of life
Press heavily, if to thy heart there comes
Small solace mid thy sorrow, and thy brow
Is deeply shadowed by incessant thoughts
Of what may chance to-morrow or to-day,
If it be morning, ere the night-time falls,
Droop not and faint not by the weary way,
But be courageous as those knights of old
Who sought the sepulchre of Christ afar
Beyond the wilderness and o'er the sea,
Of foes regardless and in faith resolved.
Be sure that thou wilt conquer at the last,
That thou wilt win a guerdon for thy toil,
And reach, all fears allayed, all danger past,
The fair, celestial city of thy God!

What though along life's sandy desert-paths,
And up its steep ascents, and through its thorns
Thou strugglest darkly, turn not thou aside,
Oh poorest child of labour, to regard,
With discontented or with envious eye,
The favoured sons of Leisure, who repose
By bubbling fountains, stretched on flowery turf,
Or through those cultivated gardens walk
Which Luxury plants to charm the feet of Ease;
Remember him who in his lifetime had
His good things, and, though evil things be thine,
Keep thy sad soul from doubt and from despair.
Be thou consoled and comforted! look up,

Not onward or around thee, and thy tears
Shall be illumined by some beam that falls
From Paradise.

We are but pilgrims here!
No resting, no abiding; houses built
Eternal in the heavens, not made with hands,
Are ours to dwell in, when this dust shall be
Commingled with the dust from whence it came—
Ay! many mansions in our Father's house
Ever attend us, and to our hearts we lay
This holy unction—Christ has gone before,
For us, who have no hope or home on earth,
To wait our coming and prepare a place.

Therefore look upward, and take little heed
Of dark to-morrows, since they are not thine;
Not on th' horizon fix thine earnest gaze,
But on the zenith, and the noontide sun
Of Truth shall stream around thee, till thine eyes
Shall grow familiar with its burning orb
As do the eagle's. Never pause nor droop
O'erwearied with thy burdens, but press on,
Still looking upward, for thou shalt not fall,
But be sustained, and cheered, and safely led,
Till, by-and-by, thy mortal coil shall drop
Like fetters from thee, and thy spirit soar
Upward, till, star-like, it shall melt away
In the pure glory of a spotless sky.

THE SEA AT SUNRISE.

BY THE REV. ROBERT DAVIDSON, D.D.

How still and beautiful the morn! no breath
Of air stirs, winnowing the delicate spray;
The idle sail wraps lazily the mast;
The wanton surf runs creaming up the beach,
Toying around the fisher's early net.

The quiet sea, smooth to th' horizon's edge,
Like a broad shield of burnished silver shows;
Whereon day's champion, from a violet cloud
Upspringing, and exulting in his strength,
His crest, new trimmed, a-blaze with hornéd light,
Incessant flings a sheaf of golden darts,
Shivered as soon, and in a glittering shower
Resilient, as of topaz freshly broke.

Thou changeful, changeless Sea! all placid now,
As infancy lulled by its cradle hymn!
But yester-eve, thy tumbling breakers rough,
Lush green and foam-capped, madly chased along,
And bold the swimmer that would tempt thy spleen.

So sleeps the tiger, with retracted claw
And sleek and shining skin. A breath provokes,
Capricious termagant! thy meekness feigned.
Thou battlest with the tempest at its top,
Deaf'ning with hoarser voice its roar, thy wild
Defiance tossing to the thunder-cloud.

Down goes the bark that trusted to thy smile,
With all on board; strewing the ocean floor
With ingots, jewels, silks of gorgeous Ind,
And costlier treasures Ind were poor to buy.
Thou roll'st remorseless, heedless of the hopes
Thy frenzy wrecked.

Perfidious, beauteous Sea!
We doat like lovers on thy fickle face;
Morn, noon, and fresh'ning eve, intent to spy,
But chief at glint of day, or lated moon,
New phases and aspects of loveliness.

The dreamy moan of the perpetual surge,
Mysterious, plaintive, soul-subduing, low,
Intoning ever in the ear of time,
Nature's entrancing chorus sweetly swells.

The universal hymn ascends—none mute;
Birds their shrill treble pipe; the insect hum
Floats jocund on the liquid air; winds blow
Their organ-peal, or sweep the forest-harp;
The affluent accords still keeping time
Unto the tidal pulses evermore:
The bending skies drink in the solemn joy.
Thee, God! the Sea, Thee earth and heaven praise!

CONVERSATION.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

(Concluded.)

TOUCHY people are to be dreaded in conversation. Their propensity is to find out, in the discourse of those about them, points of offence wholly impalpable to all but themselves, by a power like that of the magnet, which will cover itself with particles of steel where no other affinity could detect their presence. Wo to the good-natured, unsuspicious sayer of nothings, in such company! It will be hard to convince him that terrible insinuations have been discovered by unwrapping his gentlest meanings. Does he speak of somebody's kindness to the poor? Mrs. Sensitive is suddenly beclouded, for she remembers (what he does not) that she has just been inveighing against indiscriminate charity. Does he wish for rain? It is because he knows Mrs. Sensitive is depending upon fair weather for a party of pleasure. Does he express indignation at some instance of dishonesty? Why need he go out of his way to bring to mind the defalcation of Mrs. Sensitive's cousin twenty years ago? If he venture upon any subject of interest, he is sure to touch upon a tender spot; if he carefully adhere to generalities, he is reserving his better things until he has more agreeable society. It is astonishing to hear with what bitterness some people will dwell upon these constructive offences—crimes made by the law, as it were. A disposition of this sort is a fatal bar to the flow of conversation. Our ordinary ideas will not endure such sifting and weighing. By the time we have turned a thought round and round, to be sure that it has no ridge or corner of offence, whatever point it had is sure to have been worn off. We must leave the touchy person out of our select conversational circle, and we do it with the less regret, because he is almost sure to be found deficient in other requisites for companionship besides good-humour. Intelligence, cultivation, and acquaintance with society are sure antidotes of touchiness, which is only one phase of egotism.

An overbearing manner is hard to describe, yet it is one of the most intolerable in society, and so common a one that we learn almost to dread meeting a person of any pretension, until we have ascertained whether he is in the habit of allowing anybody to have an opinion besides himself—that is to say, whether he is a quack

or a *savant*, for thoroughness is always modest. Overbearing people are often unobserving enough to be gratified at the silence in which, after a few efforts, we listen to their conversation; but if vanity and insolence did not blind them, they would perceive that the fool who walks through a garden, cutting off flowers with a switch, that were far better applied to his own shoulders, has exactly the same reason to be proud. Conscious merit will not condescend to struggle against this species of arrogance; it rather waits quietly until the nuisance be overpast.

Your incessant talker is a migratory headache, possessing few claims to our regard, unless it be as the discoverer of perpetual motion. There is somewhere in his mind an invisible and endless thread, about which all sorts of subjects crystallize—facts, theories, opinions; sentiments, prognostics, and fancies—without the slightest arrangement that the hearer can discover; yet, possessing as a whole so wonderful a continuity, that although it might break in any given spot just as well as in any other, it is impossible to break it anywhere without force. Sometimes the thread may be loaded only with "an infinite deal of nothing," but we often find it rich with gems of all hues, but so ill-assorted, so tastelessly huddled together, and so rapidly flashed before our eyes, that we have no leisure to admire or discriminate, and experience fatigue instead of delight. These are the most provoking talkers in the world. They make us hate what we love, and run away from what ought to delight us. The intellect might bear the flood, but the nerves sink under it. The incessant talker is in fact a mere talking machine, for if he had the tact, and sympathy, and spiritual discernment that belongs to enlightened humanity, he could not but perceive the weariness of his hearers. And his foible is not usually nothing more than an incontinence of words; it is more frequently an effect of self-conceit. He has a secret opinion, not only that he has matter of more interest to communicate, but that he can impart it better than anybody else, and he never suspects why his audience drop away as fast as they can. The more we love conversation, the sooner we tire of an unmerciful talker; for he would

substitute monologue, dramatic,—it may be, or instructive, but still monologue,—for the free exchange of thought.

These remarks apply only to the *habitual* talker—him who talks for his own pleasure, and not that of the company. There are people—though we do not often meet with them—in whose presence we are involuntarily hushed, because we fear to lose a word. These are not the men to overwhelm us unawares. The flood-gates of their minds ask some trouble in lifting, but fall back easily into their place. Their discourse is only a better kind of conversation, suggesting in the listeners' minds thoughts that bud, blossom, and bear fruit in silence; thoughts for which our common words would be but lumbering vehicles. The vanity must be restless indeed that finds such listening tiresome.

Blessing and bane are so closely coupled in all matters pertaining to the good things of life, that we need not wonder that many ills flow out of every abuse of the great gift of speech. Talk is spontaneous as breathing, as we have said, but it is far from being always as inoffensive. White-handed Brinvilliers poisoned a few people who were soon out of their misery, and she has been for ages held up to execration. Have we never seen a woman who has poisoned twice as many, for life and death, and who yet passes for a good sort of person? "apt to speak her mind, but meaning no harm,"—with so little appearance of premeditation or evil intent do her cruellest stabs come. She does but report what she has heard—or she had it from good authority—or she did not say more than others said! In the course of a morning visit she will skewer you a whole street of her "friends" like a lunch of kibbaubs, and all peppered for the most fastidious palate. And it must not be thought that women are the only sinners in this regard. There are men, too, who, without the excuse of vacuity or idleness, take a dreadful pleasure in stripping from their compeers the garb in which they appear to the world, and this under a pretence of love of truth and justice! These disinterested champions of truth and justice are the last men to lay bare their own conscious secret faults to the public eye for the public good. Let us pray that the thing upon which we value ourselves most may never be mentioned in their hearing! Be it wit or wealth, beauty or good humour, humanity, steadfastness, sincerity, or delicacy; pre-eminence in fashion or in learning, success in literature, patience in sorrow, honest effort in adversity, or what not,—though it be the immediate jewel of our souls, no card-house was ever demolished with greater coolness than will this favourite wing or turret of our character be by the cool breath of the habitual detractor. He "speaks daggers, and every word stabs."

But our present purpose is to deal rather with the æsthetics of this subject. To treat adequately the morals of conversation would require more space than we can give to the present paper. Its importance as a moral engine can hardly be overrated, while it may be, and too often is, a caterer for the seven deadly sins. Let those who are disposed to think conversation a matter of indifference, go carefully through the Book of Proverbs alone, and see what place the wise king assigns to it among the elements of social life, morals, and religion. Good words, evil words, many words, few words, words of cheer, of contention, of anger, of boasting, of deceit, of impiety,—these form almost the burden of his song. "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life!" What language can be stronger? What more encouraging to boldness of speech in the cause of goodness? And the denunciations of those who dare profane the sacred gift are equally powerful.

Among the minor morals of conversation we must not omit to notice that much talking in mixed company is seldom safe. We mean that excited strain of talk in which some people indulge, without much reflection or any decided intention for good or ill. The judgment is too often asleep at such times; we say things under excitement which we would gladly disclaim afterwards, but through shame of inconsistency; for excitement gives things an aspect foreign to reality, and while we are under its influence, we are very liable to be mistaken in our company, and so commit imprudences for which we suffer more severely than we deserve. Vanity, too, takes advantage of these overflowing moments to make us ridiculous. Mankind must become kinder and more candidly indulgent before it will be safe to talk much in mixed company, where humours and biasses differ as much as complexions.

Idle people will hardly ever be found to converse tolerably. They have no "hived honey of the soul" to bring out for the common good. Give us rather "men of one idea," though we confess them to be often tiresome. They at least say *something*, which idle people seldom do. Earnestness may not always be graceful, but it is inspiring. Putting aside all charlatanry, the man whose whole soul is in his subject will interest if he cannot convince us. Faith is more potent than *savoir faire*. In conversation as in the pulpit, the man who softly utters sleek and perfumed nothings would be gladly exchanged, by all healthy-minded listeners, for a backwoodsman without a coat, who has something to say and says it boldly. Jemmy Jessamys are out of fashion, in every department.

How rich is the discourse of those who, after having taken an active share in life, are in-

spired by sympathy and love to give forth the result of store and fusion! We linger over their words as over precious wine, or as before the gorgeous pomp of sunset, when, though masses of cloud be gathering, they have a given glory from above, all the grander for the coming darkness. How we thank them in our inmost souls for their wisdom, which we feel to have been gathered "through much tribulation." They have lived for us, not for themselves; they are giving us gratuitously what cost them—life! We do well to prize their great and good words,—heart-drops they are if rightly valued; to carry our children to hear them, that they may learn to aspire to old age and not dread it. The extinguished torch in the hand of weeping love is indeed fitting emblem for the tombs of such!

Travellers *may* be good talkers, if they have carried with them or brought home a genial philosophy, and tact enough to know when particulars become tedious. But the satires called forth by travelled parrots—

The proud, conceited, talking spark
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before,

as the old fable has it, have almost silenced travellers of every degree. It is a point of pride, now, for those who have landed on every shore and weathered every climate, to be conspicuously taciturn: "nobody's a bit the wiser" for all their journeyings. This is a sort of fraud, doubtless. We have a right to expect that those who have seen what we shall never see will give us of their abundance, without asking pride's leave on all occasions. Unfortunately the knowledge of human nature acquired in travel leads us to be very careful how we seem to fancy we can instruct, or even that we possess any peculiar material for conversation. In order to talk agreeably, it is necessary first that we should acquire knowledge, secondly that we should carefully conceal it—*i. e.*, give only the *results* of it. There must be economy in the dispensation of our best things.

A habit of studying character and of classifying the specimens we encounter, affords a good foundation for conversation. It is on this account that clergymen are generally good talkers, perhaps in general the best, at least in this country. They have commonly a certain tranquillity of manner, which is, in our judgment, one of the essentials of an agreeable style of conversation; they pass a good deal of time in private study, and are usually conversant with literary subjects to a certain extent; their professional avocations lead their thoughts among high things; and still more, as we have said, the necessity for studying human life and

character, fits them in a peculiar degree for the quiet exercise of those faculties which must act freely when we talk well. There must be patience for pauses as well as fervour in speech; self-control under opposition as well as earnestness in advocacy; indulgence for stolidity, indulgence even for ignorance. And in this enumeration we are still adhering to the æsthetics of the subject, for mere good-breeding requires all these. The best discourse (as to substance) is nullified or worse, if all that goes to make up that undefinable, comprehensive, lovely, indefinite word, good-humour, be not present.

The mention of a knowledge of human nature, as a requisite for conversational power, might suggest the fitness of the law as a school for talkers, but the very accuracy which ought to be an advantage, is sometimes found inconvenient. The off-hand expression of sentiment must necessarily be partial and imperfect. What we say on the spur of the moment must be received in the spirit rather than in the letter, and a habit of cross-examining or sifting, of special pleading, or even of sarcastic comment, is anything but favourable to the tone of equal conversation. Freedom of expression, without which conversation becomes unworthy of its name, soon leads to recrimination, unless a generous toleration give it room and kindly atmosphere. Opposition gives life, for there is something in perpetual assent that soon wearies us; yet the spirit arising from the support of opposing sentiments must not betray us into acridity or personality, as it is too apt to do. If our arrows be feathered with wit they must be tipped with love or at least benevolence. If argument grow strenuous it must all the more be guarded against venom, or we offend against all the social amenities.

But this subject has so many branches that even two articles of ordinary length seem but to open it up, without allowing us to treat it as we should like, in any of its various divisions. Even the side we have been trying to look at asks a far more comprehensive view than we are able here to afford it. Our appreciation of the pleasure of conversation is so high; it forms so important an item in our list of the most desirable pleasures of life; we are so impressed with its momentous value as a moral engine, and so grieved to see it profaned every day by emptiness, ignorance, and ill-nature, that we could find it in our hearts to bestow all our tediousness upon our readers on this theme. But we should be transgressing one of our own rules of talk if we should say much more, *viz.*, that patience for pauses is as necessary as fervour of speech. Some other day, perhaps, we may find space for further remarks upon this fruitful theme.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE AND LUTHER.

BY THE REV. W. H. FURNESS, D.D.

(See Engraving.)

WE obviously suffer much in this country, from the fact that our population, out of New England and some of the Southern States, is not indigenous. We are, in great part, gathered from many nations; and consequently, although we have national pride more than enough, we lack those strong local attachments and venerable customs, which are the slow growth of centuries. Our love of country is fostered chiefly by our excellent political institutions, and these furnish its chief nutriment. It is somewhat of an air plant, festooning the trellises of our civil fabric; it has not struck its roots down deep into the soil. We are not yet incorporated with the earth on which we stand, and have not learned to identify our personal honour with the honour of the spot on which we dwell. Had we the blood of some scores of American generations in our veins, we should, by this time, have national songs and customs of our own. We should have a national feeling that would not expend itself in mere vain-glorious boasting, but would mould our characters and create an unwritten national law or public opinion, which would protect us from such senseless outbreaks of the mere spirit of mischief, as our city riots, for instance. Such scenes do not occur in New England, not because the people there are really better, but in great part because they are more homogeneous,—more of one mind. Their local attachments are stronger, and of course, the public interest in the public peace is greater. Boston, the capital of New England, may be likened to a fine old homestead. Our city is in the comparison, a noble hotel, where various kindreds, tongues, and languages congregate, and our most eminent citizens, the men who should form and direct public opinion, and who would do so in a community differently organized, dwell among us only as onlookers. They have come from other parts, or are removed only a generation or two from families born elsewhere; and instead of transferring their affection to the place of their adoption, they compensate themselves for their expatriation, by cherishing their pride in the place of their birth. And so all their influence is lost to us.

But we must not ramble. While we suffer from the absence of an indigenous population,

abundant enough to absorb and neutralize all foreign additions, there are advantages in our being just what we are, and still greater benefits than yet appear, will accrue from the mixed character of our people. Our market-places, in the variety which they show, point to one of these advantages. Persons coming from different quarters of the globe, bring with them different articles of all sorts. They introduce new customs. Thus, the Christmas Tree, a beautiful German product, is not unfamiliar in this country. It is getting planted among us. Originally the Christmas Tree represented the birth of the *Christ-Kindlein*. At the foot of the tree was seen the manger, the mother, and the child. These have now disappeared, and the only figure remaining is that of the announcing angel who appears at the top of the tree, and is generally mistaken for the Christ-child himself.

The custom of preparing a Christmas Tree helps, in beautiful accordance with the spirit of Him whom it commemorates and who took little children in his arms and blest them, to make Christmas day the special holiday of childhood. There is nothing better for the old than to be allured into sympathy with the young. It is good for us "to reduce" our earlier years. For their own sakes, we counsel all parents to make as much as possible of this child's festival, and to bring up vividly before the lively imaginations of their children, the spotless image of "the holy child." It is by such occasions that the recollections of our childhood are burnt into us.

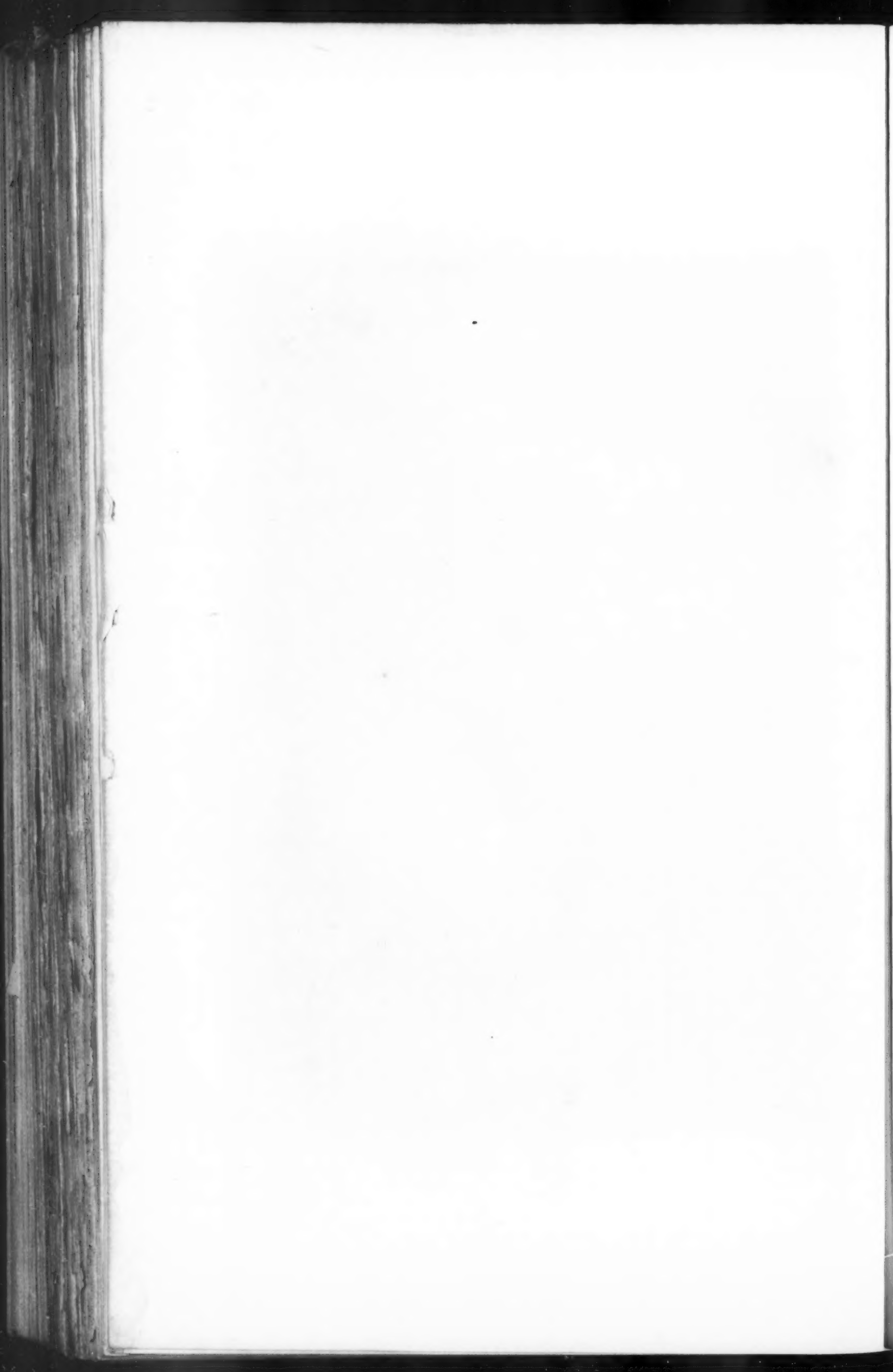
We recollect hearing some time ago a touching story about the Christmas Tree, which it may not be out of place to repeat briefly here. On a certain Christmas eve, in a certain German city, while a Christmas Tree was sparkling in every house, a poor homeless orphan was wandering faint, weary, and cold through the streets. He gazed longingly at the windows from which joyful lights streamed. He knocked timidly at door after door, but was unheeded. He would fain have gained entrance to one of those happy households, merely to look on, but no one heard him. At last he retired sick and miserable to a dark corner, and there, as he shivered with the cold of the December night,

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.



ENGRAVED BY J. BANNISTER - THE ORIGINAL BY SCHWEDERBURTH.

LUTHER AMIDST HIS FAMILY AT WITTENBERG, ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1538.



he remembered that an answer was promised to every sincere prayer. So he prayed to the Lord Jesus to give him a Christmas Tree. And as he prayed, he beheld a star in the distance, and as he gazed, the star approached him, and he descried the gloried form of a beautiful child. It was the Christ-child, who came to answer his prayer, and who drew down stars from heaven to light a Christmas Tree for the poor orphan. And when the tree was all lighted, the Christ-child took the boy into the tree, and they were all wafted away into heaven. The next day the newspapers contained this item of city intelligence: "Found in — Street, the dead body of a boy, of some eight or ten years of age, parents unknown; coroner's verdict, death by starvation and cold." The poor little outcast had quitted the world, outwardly in circumstances of extreme wretchedness, but inwardly in a dream of heaven, and in the arms of the Christ-child.

Our present number is embellished with a representation of the great Reformer keeping the Christian festival with his children. The picture is in harmony with his character. Although born for a great public work, although at home when confronted with princes, he was nevertheless as much at home in his own family circle, and enjoyed "wife, children and friends" with the relish of a man who never stepped beyond his own threshold. "Martin Luther," says Mr. Hedge, in his 'Prose Writers of Germany,' "was a husband and a father, fond of society, of a free and jovial nature, much given to music, himself a composer, and an able performer on the flute. A man of singular temperance and great industry. He throve best on hard work and spare diet. An easy life made him sick. As to his character, a man without guile, open, sincere, generous, obliging, patient, brave, devout." "He was not only the greatest," says Henry Heine, "but the most German man of our history. In his character all the faults and all the virtues of the Germans are combined on the largest scale. Then he had qualities which are very seldom found united, which we are accustomed to regard as irreconcilable antagonisms. He was at the same time a dreamy mystic and a practical man of action. His thoughts had not only wings but hands. He spoke and he acted. He was not only the tongue, but the sword of his time. Moreover, he was, at the same time, a scholastic word-thresher, and an inspired, God-intoxicated prophet. When he had plagued himself all day long with his dogmatic distinctions, in the evening he took his flute and gazed at the stars, dissolved in melody and devotion. He could scold like a fish-wife, and he could be soft, too, as a tender maiden. Sometimes he was wild as the storm that uproots the oak,

and then again he was as gentle as the zephyr that dallies with the violet. He was full of the most awful reverence, and of self-sacrifice in honour of the Holy Spirit. He could merge himself entirely in pure spirituality. And yet he was well acquainted with the glories of this world, and knew how to prize them; and out of his mouth blossomed the famous saying,

Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr, sein Lebenlang.

He was a complete man, I would say an absolute man, one in whom matter and spirit were not divided."

We subjoin, for the sake of our young readers, (we hope we have young readers,) a letter of Luther's to his son John, but we cannot venture to designate the young gentleman in the picture. Perhaps it is he who stands on the extreme right, gazing reverently up at the angel on the top of the Christmas Tree. The letter gives us a glimpse of the man.

"Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I see with pleasure that thou learnest well, and prayest diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home I will bring thee a pretty fairing.

"I know a pretty merry garden wherein there are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, plums, and wheat-plums; they sing, and jump, and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits, and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs whose children they were? And he said, they are the children that love to pray and to learn, and are good. Then I said, Dear man, I have a son, too, whose name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into the garden, and eat these beautiful apples and pears, and ride those fine horses? Then the man said, If he loves to pray and to learn, and is good, he shall come into this garden, and Lippus and Jost too, and when they all come together they shall have fifes and trumpets, lutes, and all sorts of music, and they shall dance, and shoot with little cross-bows.

"And he showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing. There hung nothing but golden fifes, trumpets, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was early, and the children had not yet eaten; therefore I could not wait the dance, and I said to the man, Ah! dear sir, I will immediately go and write all this to my little son Johnny, and tell him to pray diligently, and to learn well, and to be good, so that he also may come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Lehne, he must bring her with

him. Then the man said, It shall be so; go and write him so.

"Therefore, my dear little son Johnny, learn and pray away, and tell Lippus and Jost, too, that they must learn and pray. And then you

shall come to the garden together. Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. And greet Aunt Lehne, and give her a kiss for my sake.

"Thy dear father,
"MARTINUS LUTHER."

LAURA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

LAURA was fair, and of a tender heart,
And loved a son of Neptune. Nought to her
That toils of ocean bronzed his brow, or gave
A roughness to his manners; for she prized
His noble nature, full of generous thoughts,
And warm devotion to his chosen friends.

Cold winter fled, and renovating spring
From its low bed the earliest snowdrop called,
And then the holy marriage-vow they spake,
And were made one. Yet ere the fleeting moon
Marked her fair change of crescent, orb, and wane,
The parting moment came;—for he was bound
Upon a three years' cruise.

He soothed his bride
With promises to tempt the sea no more,—
But after this one farewell voyage, to build
A cottage mid their native hills, where all
Her favourite flowers should grow, and dwell content,
For ever at her side. So forth he went,
The dauntless captain of a hardy crew,
To barb the monarch whale, mid Arctic floods.

'Twere hard to tell how loneliness and wo
Chilled Laura's breast, and how thro' midnight storms
She sleepless wept; or from some broken dream
Of shipwreck and the swimmer spent with toil,
Sprang up affrighted. But with that good sense
Which marks a well-trained mind, she quelled her grief
By industry, and kindest sympathies
In others' wo. Still, for her parents' weal
Both hand and heart were busy, by the bed
Of the poor sick she sate, or fed the young
With dews of knowledge; for the love of books,
And the pure faith of Christ, refined her soul.

Thus, well employed, though with a tardy flight
Revolved the months and years, while anxious care
For the long-absent husband, gave a trace
Of pensive beauty to her youthful brow.
At length the blessed telegraph announced
His laden ship, and soon her weary days
Of widowhood were ended.

But the voice,
That to her ear like richest music seemed,
Announced sad tidings. He must tempt once more
The boisterous deep.

"Ah, not again! No! no!
Think of your promise, never more to roam.
The humblest home, where I might work for you,
And hear your voice, and be your comforter,
Is all my heart's ambition."

"Laura, love!
Fain would I place you in a loftier home,
Such as your merits claim. When first our flag
Was reared in Mexico, the land of gold,
I touched upon that wondrous coast, and there

Invested all my gains; I must return
Thither, to be made rich. Hear me, my wife!
Only this once I go, and then return
With wealth untold."

"Oh! let us be content!"
She would have said, but saw it was in vain.
A marble paleness o'er her features came,
And when it fled, left the fixed purpose there,
To go with him.

All earnestly he strove
To paint the hardships of the sea, fierce storms,
Privations, nameless dangers, all unfit
For one so delicate. Yet still the wife
Clave to her husband.

Mournful kindred spake
Dissuasively of perils, and the pains
Of dire sea-sickness, far away from all
Her sympathizing sex, and of the life,
So uncongenial to her gentle soul,
In California; but she simply said,
"My husband will be there."

Brief space was given
For parting words, and then the tossing deck
With slender foot she trod, resting unmoved
Upon her husband's arm, and her blue eye
Raised calmly to the skies.

Tempest, and blast,
And mountain billow, marked their dreary change
On ocean's breast. Yet mid their wildest wrath
'Twas beautiful to see how woman's love
O'er-mastered fear, keeping the sunbeam bright,
In the transparent heart, to light the brow
With cheering smiles.

Once more upon the land,
O'er the appalling wilds of Panama,
That place of skulls, they took their pilgrim way.
Strange hardships came upon them; rugged men
Fell down and died; yet still her course she held,—
Her strength was in the heart.

The raging main
Again they dared, and then upon the shore
Of San Francisco, with a motley throng
From every clime, she stood.

Death met her there,
And with cold grasp his fatal welcome sealed,
Faintly her pale lip sighed, "The vale is dark,
But Jesus is beside me."

There she lay,
Breathless, and wasted to a skeleton,
Yet on her brow a smile.

Amid the grief
With which that stricken husband bowed him down,
Was no remorseful sorrow o'er the haste
Thus to be rich?—no harrowing imagery
Of a sweet cottage mid New England's hills,
With her who would have solaced all his care,
But 'neath his feet now filled a stranger's grave?

THE STARS' RESPONSE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

"I envy not your glory—proud, pale stars!
Each on a separate throne—do ye not pine,
Flinging your dark arms vainly thro' the blank,
For some sweet twining touch? Do ye not yearn,
Searching through space with sadly burning eyes,
For our poor leaf-clad orb, where some small flower,
Leaning its cheek against another near,
Loves its frail life away?"

MISS ELIZA L. SPROAT.

Oh! dweller mid the leaves and flowers of Earth!
Thou, whose fond, human heart so warmly beats,
With love for all things beautiful and true,
And high and holy, why dost thou shut out
From the vast pale of sympathy, that binds
The universe in bonds of brotherhood,
The bright stars—us who nightly gleam and burn
In the blue heavens above ye? Thinkest thou
We know not *love*? That we, who dwell so near
The Throne of the Eternal, that the songs
Of Seraphim and Cherubim oft fall
Upon our ravished ears,—that we, who hear
The chorus of the angels, and keep time
To the glad music of their golden harps,
While round the gates of Paradise we tread,
Swerving not ever from the glorious paths,
Ages ago marked out for us, by Him
Whose holiest name is Love—that we, who catch
Faint glimpses of the white-robed throng, and see,
Though afar off, the gleam of snowy wings—
Think'st thou we know not love? Oh! not alone
Upon the green earth, with its sheltered nooks,
Where spring flowers ope their young buds to the light;
Its happy homes, where childhood's ringing laugh
Mocks the gay carol of the woodland bird;
Its countless altars, where young trusting hearts
Breathe the deep vows that never can be broken;
Its vast cathedrals, where the mighty sleep,
And its still hamlets, where, thro' clustering trees,
The humble spire pointeth to the skies—
Dwelleth the omnipresent spirit—Love!
When first the morning stars together sang,
Breaking the stillness that for aye had reigned
Through the dim realms of space, when Silence fled,
Amazed and startled, from its shadowy home—
The clear sweet cadence of her silvery voice
Swelled the full tide of harmony, that rolled
From sphere to sphere, till heaven's high, vaulted dome
Thrilled with th' exulting strain!

With humblest love
And reverence, we bow before thy throne,
Oh! Monarch of the skies, who sitt'st apart
In majesty sublime! We dare not look
Upon the awful splendour of thy brow;—
We veil our faces, and all pale and wan,
Draw clouds and darkness round us, when we hear
The rumbling of thy chariot; we shrink
From the oppressive brightness of thine eye,
And from thy glorious presence flee. But yet—
Sole Source of light, around whose dazzling throne
Myriads of worlds revolve, and as they pass
Bend low to pay their homage—even yet
We dare to love Thee! Thou on us hast showered
Rays from thine own exhaustless fount of light,
Our beauty and our glory! But for Thee,
Naked and noteless, we should darkly move
On our appointed way.

By many a tie,
As strong and holy, as are those that bind
Brother and sister on thy "leaf-clad orb,"
Oh, child of Earth! whose voice we hear afar,

Are we all linked together. Not a star
Gleameth to-night above thee, but its heart
Thrills with a love as fervent and as deep,
As human breasts may know. As, one by one,
We nightly gather in the dark blue sky,
We joy to meet again, as friends rejoice,
Whose paths have long been severed, when once more
The eyes they love beam on them. And our love
Knoweth not ever chance, or change, or ill!
All is not *truth* on earth! "We did love once,"
Ye mortals say, and then ye sadly pause,
And by that pause, and by your mournful smile,
We know ye love no longer, and your hearts
Are haunted by the spectres of vain hopes,
That perished in their noonday, and of vows
Too soon forgotten. All's not *peace* on earth—
There, frail man warreth with his brother man,
And household gods are shattered in the strife,
And household altars broken. There, too oft,
Pale Jealousy, and Doubt, and dark Distrust
Breathe upon Love's young blossoms, and they die!
But in the purer regions where we dwell,
All, all is harmony! From the far North,
Where the bright pole-star burns, to distant realms
Where gleams the Southern Cross, the same glad song
Riseth spontaneously!

Once there was grief,
And mourning in the heavens. One band there was,
Amid our shining ranks, best loved of all—
One fair, young, sister band—the Pleiades—
One night, when high our wonted anthem swelled,
We missed a voice, that ever in the strain
Mingled its low, soft melody. Each eye
Turned towards the place whence that tone should have
risen,
But one among that sister band was not,—
The fairest had departed! Where is she?
Oh! we have asked the universe to bring
Tidings of her. There cometh no reply!
Arcturus mourned—Orion's eye grew dim,
Lyra's sweet harp was silent, and a wail
Rose from the "heavenly host." Years have passed by,
But still that void remaineth, and we list
Ever in vain for the familiar voice,
That was so dear!

And we love thee, oh Earth!
As a fond mother, o'er an erring child,
Bends with a yearning tenderness, e'en so
We bend above thee, and with earnest eyes
Look upon thee, beholding thee so fair.
We mourn for thee, oh Earth!—that sin hath marred
Aught that God made so very beautiful.
We bless thee, Earth,—for many hearts are thine
That bring rich store of love, and on our shrine
Lay down the priceless gift. We bless thee, Earth!
For many a lifted brow, where holy thoughts
And pure have left their signet, meet our gaze
Whene'er it rests on thee! We bless thee, Earth!
For the same hand that fashioned us, made thee,
And, more than all, because He loves thee well,
And Jesus died for thee. We bless thee, Earth!

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY MISS E. A. STARR.

(See Engraving.)

THE father sits in his evening chair,
Cushioned by love with tender care,
And his blue eyes beam with simple glee
At sight of the Christmas jollity;
While he strings his viol with secret joy,
To the tune he loved when a wandering boy.

O the Christmas Tree is a jollity
To the oldest heart, I ween,
For what to the pine are frost and rime,
If still the boughs are green?
And what to the heart are wrong and smart,
So love is undefiled?—
For despite his tears, and the sin of years,
Love keeps the man a child.

The wife is she, and mother of all
The brood which come at her cheerful call,
Sitting beside, with a nun-like grace
Chastening over her placid face.
And her heart with a solemn hope is warm,
As she folds in her arms her youngest born.

In quietude, with soul subdued,
And pulse of pious beat,
Pondereth she on the destiny
Of the children at her feet;
Pondereth she with humility
On the Virgin Mother mild,
Thought leading afar, like Bethlehem's star,
To the Manger and the Child.

O the children all, both tall and wee,
With the infant fair and rogue of three,
And the youth and maid with sunny hair,
So pious, gentle, and debonaire,
With their noble truth and their winning ways,
Are the charm of the Christmas holidays.

How blaze the lights o' the Christmas nights,
How burns the Christmas fire,
But kindlier still is the bosom thrill
Of happy dame and sire;
For near nor far, nor in flame or star,
They trace life's distance clear,
But their fortune lies in the bright young eyes,
They hold so fair and dear.

Where virgin forests rear their crest,
And nut trees woo the gale of the west,
Where orchards spread their generous arms
O'er the northern hills and fertile farms,
How blithely the squirrel pricks his ear,
And the labourer garners with song and cheer.

But the Christmas Tree as bounteously
Dispenses gifts more rare;—
Then, rich man, keep thy lands' broad sweep,
O keep thine orchards fair;
But yield to me the Christmas Tree,
And the love which keeps it green,
And life shall take, for love's dear sake,
A face of angel sheen.

TO ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

I HAVE not met thee in this outward world,
Bounded by time and space; but in that realm
O'er which Imagination holds her reign,
There have I seen thy spirit, face to face,
Majestic and yet lovely. There have I
Sat at thy feet to listen to thy voice,
And as the symphony sublimely rose,
Reverence and awe had held me spellbound there,
But that there fell upon my listening ear

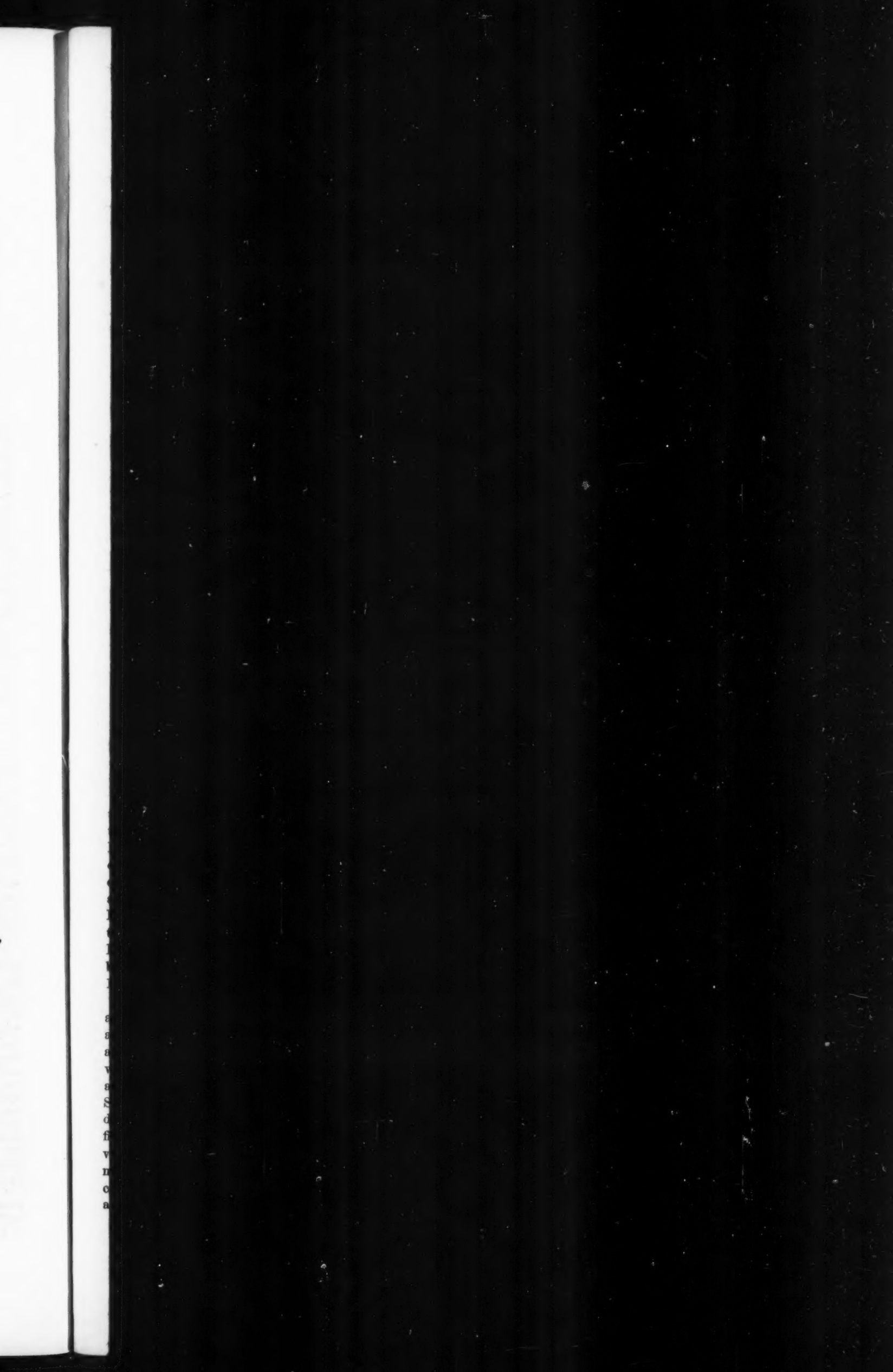
Low-breathing sighs, the sound of falling tears,
The undertone of human love and wo,
That touched the trembling chords of sympathy,
And drew me nearer to thy woman's heart.
Thou crowned queen of song! from this free land,
That owns allegiance only unto God
And Genius, his anointed, o'er the sea
I send my vows of homage, and my heart
Sends love and blessings unto thee and thine.

SONNET TO JULIA.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

WHY shall I chide the hand of wilful Time,
When he assaults thy wondrous store of charms?
Why charge the gray-beard with a wanton crime?
Or strive to daunt him with my shrill alarms?
Or seek to lull him with a silly rhyme?
So he, forgetful, pause upon his arms,
And leave thy beauties in their noble prime,

The sole survivors of his grievous harms.
Alas! my love, though I indeed bemoan
The fated ruin of thy majesty,
Yet I'll remember that to Time alone
I owe thy birth, thy charms' maturity,
Thy crowning love, with which he vested me,
Nor can reclaim though all the rest be flown.



THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A.

BY GEORGE CHAMBERS.

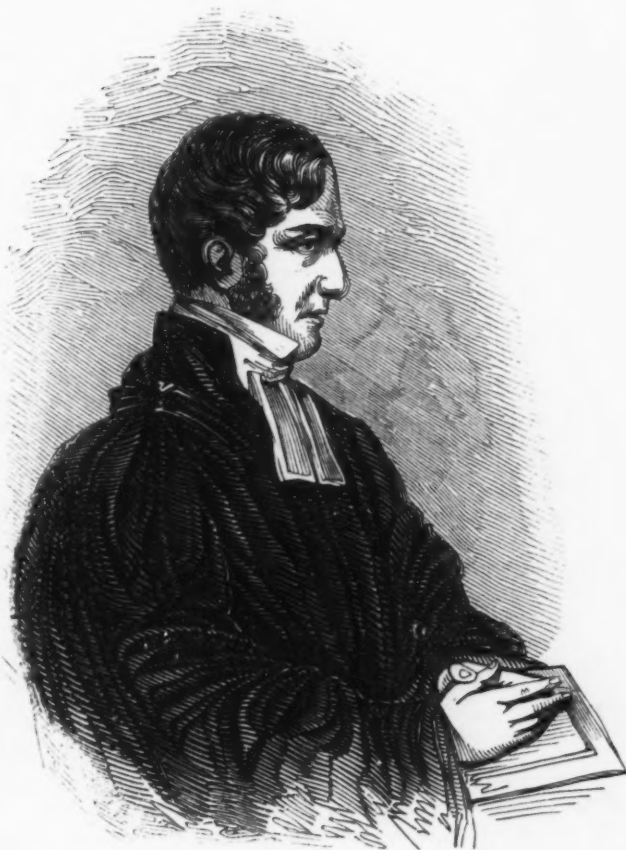
THE name of this gentleman, since his secession from the English Church Establishment, has been so frequently and so prominently before the world, that we are persuaded the accompanying portrait will be acceptable to our readers.

Baptist Wriothsesley Noel is maternally derived from a distinguished Scotch family in Kincardineshire, and paternally related to the noble house of Hamilton.

"It would be possible to write (says a biographer in the *Christian Times*) a little romance of a certain Charles Middleton, born in Scotland, in 1726, who entered the navy, rose in his profession, and pushed his fortunes till he was created a peer by the title of Lord Barham, was made a member of his Majesty's Privy Council, and was First Lord of the Admiralty from May, 1805, to February, 1806, during which short administration not fewer than four memorable victories were gained over the French.

"Lord Barham had one child, a daughter, the wife of Sir Gerard Noel, great-grandson of the fourth Duke of Hamilton, who became Lady Barham in her own right; her eldest son succeeding to the title, which has since been changed, by his obtaining a step in the peerage, to that of the Earl of Gainsborough. Lady Barham, the solitary child of her father, bore to Sir Gerard Noel eighteen children, of whom Baptist is the sixteenth child, and eleventh son, born at Leithmont, near Leith, N. B., July 10, 1799."

Mr. Noel is now in the fiftieth year of his age. He was educated partly at Westminster, and partly at a private school, took his degree at Cambridge, and studied for the law. He was thus engaged when, in May, 1824, at the anniversary meeting of the London Missionary Society, he first appeared in public life. He is described to have been, for some time previous, firm and decided in his religious character and views, and was already identified with religious men and religious movements evangelical in character and spirit. "Mr. Noel's youthful appearance on this occasion," says an eye-



witness, "his elegant and gentlemanly bearing, the polish of his language, and the grace and propriety of his manner, combined with his quiet but deep and vivid enthusiasm, his freshness as a public speaker, and the exciting nature of his theme (the martyred missionary, Smith), together with the power and directness of his appeal, all tended to give interest and memorableness to his entrance on public life, and to raise the feelings and expectations of his auditors to the highest pitch."

Very soon after this event, Mr. Noel took orders. As a preacher, he rapidly became popular, though rather by richness of fancy and copiousness of language, than by originality or profundity of thought, compact or convincing argument, or imaginative reasoning. His views settled at once into the Evangelical form: his sermons, therefore, were always distinguished by the prominence given in them to *the Gospel*, as emphatically the truth, by his allusions to the inward life of the believer, and by his earnest appeals to the worldly and unconverted. He was devoted, as a pastor, to the interests of his flock, especially of the

young; and his Bible classes, and other modes of pastoral occupation, are thought to have rendered him occasionally less effective in the pulpit; yet, when he girded himself up for any theme, few men could handle it with more vigour, clearness, or closeness, either of thought, reasoning, or application.

Mr. Noel's merits as a speaker at public meetings are of a high order. He is described as always self-possessed, calm, serious, flowing, elegant—rising, at times, into eloquence and passion. He delights in statistics, numbers, particulars, facts, and would seem often to have very carefully prepared and arranged these beforehand, though he may have left his language a good deal to the prompting of the moment. Few men have done more than Mr. Noel to make the platform respectable to the minister, or, through it, to promote everything connected with religion and philanthropy.

As an author, Mr. Noel has been frequently before the public, and in various characters. He has published a "Journey in Switzerland," and "Notes of a Tour through Ireland in 1836," both interesting for their information, tone, and tendency. His religious works range from "Infant Piety—a Book for Little Children," to two volumes of sermons preached in the Chapel Royal by Mr. Noel, as Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. The second of these volumes was published last year, and is characterized by

earnest evangelical spirit, elevated thought, and other marks of accomplished writing.

Mr. Noel has taken part in controversial topics oftener than has been gratifying to his admirers. He prominently advocated the exclusion of Socinians from membership and office in the Bible Society, from which he withdrew; but afterwards reviewed his opinions, and returned. In the agitation upon "Church Reform," some sixteen years since, Mr. Noel stood up for a sweeping modification of the Episcopacy of the Establishment. He next lent his impressive aid to the building, and endowment by public money, of a very large number of new churches. "The case of the Free Church of Scotland," in book and lecture illustration, has also been warmly taken up by Mr. Noel, as well as the position of the Irish Church; and during the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, Mr. Noel published a powerful tract, entitled "A Plea for the Poor," of which nearly 50,000 copies were circulated. Mr. Noel has also materially aided in the foundation of the "Evangelical Alliance."

Mr. Noel's recent secession from the Establishment could scarcely have surprised the attentive readers of his works. This was followed by the publication of his "Essay on the Union of the Church with the State," of which a large edition was sold within a few days.

THE RUSTIC WREATH.

BY GEO. W. DEWEY.

(See Engraving.)

FAIR maiden, with the nursling boy
Upon the flowery heath,
Entwining him the garland toy—
The simple rustic wreath;

Bright prophetess! whose dreaming eyes
Reveal a sibyl's spell,
Thou angel in a rustic guise—
The future to foretell—

Now, while the noontide in the field
Divides the reaper's day,
Sweet sister, tell us what shall yield
When these have passed away?

O may it be, the wreath he wears
Of these few modest flowers,
Shall be the guerdon of the years
When Time matures his powers!

O may it be, these humble vines
And blossoms of the heath,
Shall be renewed when Fame entwines
Her laurel in the wreath!

Then shall the odours of the morn
Continue through the day—
Then shall the rustic wreath be worn
When thou hast passed away!



ENGRAVED BY JAMES SMITH

THE ORIGINAL BY W. F. WITHERINGTON

FASHIONS.

FIGURE 1. *Morning Visiting Dress*.—Redingote of maroon-coloured satin de la reine. The skirt is long and very full, but without trimming, except a row of velvet buttons, and two rows of narrow velvet, up in front, all of the same colour as the satin. The corsage is high, trimmed with narrow velvets in front, and two rows of buttons, one on each side of the velvets, and furnished with a turn-over collar edged with velvet. This corsage is sometimes worn open in front, as shown in our figure, and sometimes buttoned close up to the throat. Sleeves fitting the arms, but not closely, and turned back at the wrists into broad cuffs, also trimmed with velvet buttons and velvet edging.



FIG. 1.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

When the corsage is worn open, it shows a finely worked muslin chemisette, plaited in front, and finished at the neck with a small collar. Pink satin bonnet, open in the face, and trimmed with fringed riband. Under-trimming of flowers, pink and white. Yellow kid gloves.

FIGURE 2. *Carriage or Promenade Dress*.—Robe of emerald green, damask satin, with a very full skirt without any trimming whatever. Pardessus of medium length, and of the same material as the dress, trimmed around the bottom with two rows of lace, puffed by being



FIG. 2.

PROMENADE DRESS.

set on full, and about half a quarter in width. Sleeves funnel-shaped, *entonnoirs*, as they are called, affording ample space for the full white muslin under sleeves. The under trimming of the bonnet is exceedingly unique and very pretty. It consists of a cap of white tulle, and sprigs of scarlet geranium.

FIGURE 3. *Little Boy's Dress*.—Frock and paletot of gray cachmere, and both of medium length, and similarly trimmed, each with two rows of braiding near the bottom, stitched on in fancy patterns of flowers and leaves. Sleeves



FIG. 3.

LITTLE BOY'S DRESS.



FIG. 4.

LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.

long, wide at the end, and edged with braid. Short pantelets of white cambric, extending but little below the skirt, and broidered with worked scollops of an open pattern. Round-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, encircled with a white ostrich feather. Gaiters of the same material as the frock and paletot, and tipped with black leather.

FIGURE 4. *Dress for a Little Girl.*—Frock and paletot of light green silk. Paletot falling straight, but widening at the bottom to accommodate itself to the fulness of the jupe. It is edged all around with a *ruche* of green riband. Sleeves demi-long, wide at the bottom, opening in the shape of a < from the end to the elbow, and edged with a *ruche*. Full puffed undersleeves of cambric. Skirt of medium length, and trimmed with two *ruches*. Pantalets of jaconet muslin, cut in embroidered scollops round the bottom; straw-coloured gloves.



FIG. 5.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIGURE 5. Demi-negligé cloak of hazel cloth, with openings on each side *en bias*, halfway up the skirt. The front edge is cut in regular waves, edged with green galloon, and has a green button at the swell of each wave. A straight galloon also passes all round equidistant from the edge. Sleeves straight, with large *revers* cuffs, the turning of which hangs down waving loose from the sleeve itself. Robe of striped *pékiné*, the stripes being of four colours, green, red, black, and mouse-coloured. At the neck is a narrow, standing ruche of white lace, and a coloured silk cravat. Capote of light green satin, bandeaux of satin, of a darker shade, one where the crown and the face unite, one round the crown, and two on the face.



FIG. 6.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIGURE 6. Bonnet of pink velvet *epinglé*, with plaited bands of pink satin. Under-trimming white and yellow flowers and green foliage. Robe and manteau of Hungarian cloth, trimmed in front with galloons of silk.

FIGURE 7. Bonnet of white satin arranged in very fine bias folds, and ornamented with a bunch of the tips of white feathers on each side. Under-trimming of blue flowers. Cloak, pelisse of Napoleon blue satin, with velvet bands and edgings of silk. Robe of gray silk.



FIG. 7.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIGURE 8. Dinner and In-door Dress.—Dress of figured silk, pale lemon-colour and white. The skirt is very full behind, and open in front. The edges of the opening are trimmed with three rows of quilled riband of the same colour as the material of the dress. From about the one-third of its height the corsage opens in front in the shape of a V, and under it is worn a very pretty chemisette of worked muslin, with lace edging, and a small turn-over collar. Sleeves demi-long, straight to the elbow, but increasing somewhat in width below. They are slit open in front as far as the bend of the arm, the edges being held together by lacing crossed diamond-wise. Around the lower part



FIG. 8.

FIGS. 9, 10.

DINNER AND IN-DOOR DRESS.

BOYS' DRESSES.

of the sleeves are two rows of quilled riband, similar to the trimming of the jupe or skirt. The jupon or under-skirt is of white muslin, with a very deep border of rich needlework. The under-sleeves are of richly worked muslin, and loose at the wrist. A long cord and tassels of silk, of the same colour as the dress, being passed around the waist, hangs down in front. Two strands of light gold chain, fastened by a padlock, are worn round one wrist. The head-dress is a small cap of Brussels lace, trimmed with bows of ribands of three different colours—lemon, blue, and cerise. Lemon-coloured satin slippers, embroidered with flowers.

FIGURES 9 and 10. *Boys' Dresses*.—Pantaloon of fancy cassimere, wide in the legs, rather short, and without straps. The larger boy has a black cloth frock coat, with skirt reaching to

the knee, fastened in front and close up to the neck with broad bands and buttons. The smaller lad has a round jacket or paletot of dark velvet or cloth, with a short skirt, rounded in front and extending to the hips. [For these two figures, we are indebted to Shankland's American Report of the Fashions.]

FIGURES 11, 12, 13. Three varieties of the most recent fashions of winter dresses for gentlemen.

For a variety of caps, spencers, etc., see the front part of the Magazine.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The light and graceful dresses which enlivened our streets during the summer, and the many fine days of our beautiful autumn, have

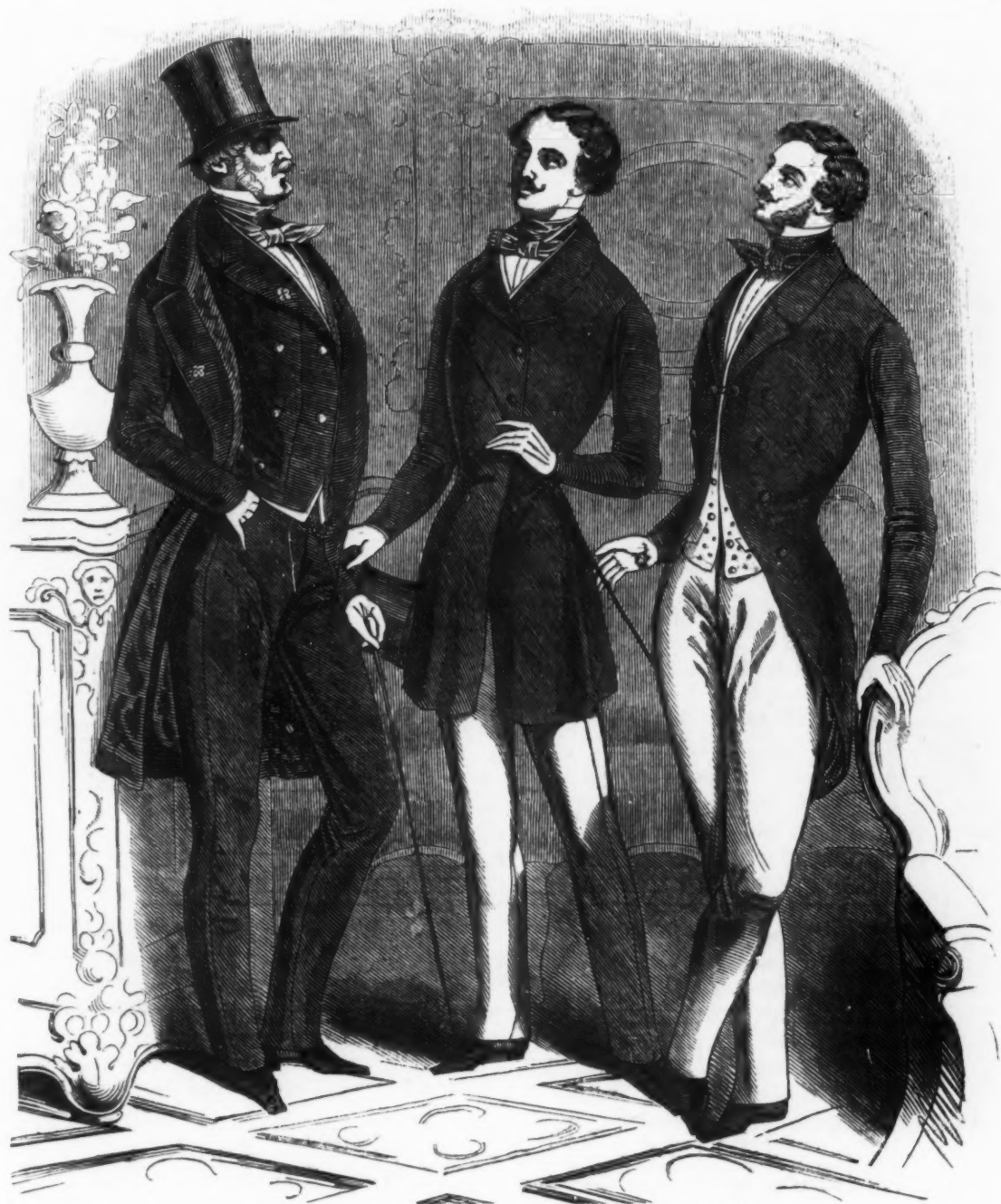


FIG. 11.

FIG. 12.

FIG. 13.

now disappeared entirely, being superseded by the heavier fabrics more suited to the cold season into which we are entering. In proportion as winter approaches the matter of cloaks, &c., becomes more and more interesting. These are worn in various forms, but the pardessus seems to be the general favourite. It has become very fashionable to wear them in-doors upon occasion. For this purpose they are very small, and of the same material as the dress. These small pardessus are also often worn out of doors, under a larger one, or a mantelet. A new kind of paletot has lately been introduced in Paris, which will be very convenient in this country of sudden changes of temperature, where the thermometer is often one day at zero, and the next almost at summer

heat. It is a combination of the casaveck and the paletot, and is very appropriate for the many days which we have that are too cold for the summer pardessus, and too warm for the winter mantelet or cloak. This new garment is generally made of velvet, and beside being very serviceable is decidedly tasteful. Lace prevails as trimming for them, and they are all lightly wadded. An exceedingly pretty negligé, very much worn in London, is a small mantelet of gray cachmere, wadded and lined with coloured silk. But the most striking novelty in the way of outer garments, noticed in the foreign journals, is a pardessus, to the lower part of which a jupe is so affixed, that it may be removed at pleasure, forming by this means either a cloak or a pardessus.

THE BIRD-CAGE.

A Song,

ARRANGED WITH A PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT.

WORDS AND MUSIC

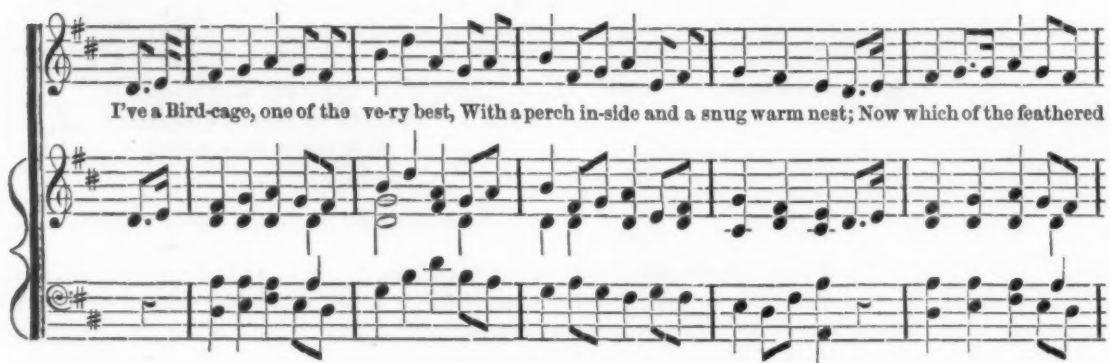
BY JOHN H. RHEYN.

MODERATO.




mf *pp*

The first system of the score shows the piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music begins with a melody in the treble staff, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte), and a supporting bass line in the bass staff. The melody features eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. The piece concludes with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking.



I've a Bird-cage, one of the ve-ry best, With a perch in-side and a snug warm nest; Now which of the feathered

The second system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in the treble staff and a piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines.



tribe shall be The one to fill my cage for me? The Humming-bird is a sparkling sight, Like a

The third system contains the second line of the song. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the previous system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment continues to support the vocal line with harmonic accompaniment.

musical score for the first system of "The Bird-Cage". It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "diamond flashing in sunshine bright; But away she whirrs with a murm'ring hum, While her glim'ring, gilded". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The vocal line has a melodic line with some grace notes. The piano accompaniment has a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics "8va. loco." are written above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment has a dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo).

diamond flashing in sunshine bright; But away she whirrs with a murm'ring hum, While her glim'ring, gilded
8va. loco.

pp

musical score for the second system of "The Bird-Cage". It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "throat is dumb." and then has a long rest. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The vocal line has a melodic line with some grace notes. The piano accompaniment has a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics "8va. loco." are written above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment has dynamic markings of *pp* (pianissimo), *f* (forte), and *ff* (fortissimo).

throat is dumb.

8va. loco.

pp *f* *ff*

SECOND VERSE.

The gay Macaw may flaunt her plumes
In groves of India's rich perfumes;
But what are her tints of green and gold,
With a voice that can only scream and scold?
The Bird of Paradise, gleaming bright
As if dyed in the rainbow's liquid light,
Would seem to us mortals half divine,
Were her song as sweet as her feathers are fine.

THIRD VERSE.

But in homely russet brown the Thrush
Makes music from the hawthorn bush;
The Lark that "high at heaven's gate sings,"
Soars aloft at morn on modest wings;
And the Nightingale, so lovers say,
Though clothed in dull and dusky gray,
Pours forth a gushing stream of song,
And trills to her dear love all night long.

FOURTH VERSE.

Then away with your fluttering, flaunting things,
With their glittering charms and their glancing wings,
And give me a mate of a modest hue,
Whose song shall warble the whole night through.
A right warm heart shall be her nest,
Her perch a fond and faithful breast,
Her cage two loving arms shall be:—
Who then would sigh for liberty?

EDITORIAL.

OURSELVES.

THE cycle of our first year is now complete. When, twelve months since, we entered upon our enterprise, it was with an earnest heart, and with an assured confidence of ultimate success. We believed there was in the United States a large class of readers for whom no existing periodical furnished exactly the kind of monthly reading that was needed. We believed in our ability to enlist the kind of writers necessary to secure this class of readers, and that we might gain for the New Magazine a subscription list such as no American periodical ever yet enjoyed. But this result we supposed to be the work of time. We did not even hope for a success so immediate and so entire. We find ourselves at the end of twelve months occupying a point which we would have been thankful to be assured of holding, at the end of almost as many years. What rank *Sartain's Magazine* now holds in the periodical literature of the country, it is not for us to say. It is not indeed necessary. The press has spoken on this point with an emphasis that renders comment needless. All we shall say for ourselves is, that we commenced with a subscription list already large, and have quadrupled it in a single year! We will say farther, we have no doubt of our being able, twelve months hence, to announce a circulation of fifty thousand.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

We have made an engagement with this distinguished writer to furnish for our forthcoming volume a series of papers which will be of the most attractive character. *Miss Martineau writes for no other periodical either in England or America.* In reference to the articles which she has promised, and a part of which are now in hand, she has given the following sketch in a letter lately received.

"You must know I live in one of the most beautiful valleys in England—within half an hour's walk of dear old Wordsworth, and in sight (just on the opposite side of the river) of Fox-How, the Arnolds' house. I have bought a little field, and built a house, and have much intercourse with the most primitive set of people in the kingdom. The very houses are 'old English.' Among these people I am making a stir to get them to improve their ways, their dwellings, &c. There is no poverty among them, and the race is unlike any other English I know. I lecture to them in the school-house (!) admitting no idleness; and have just organized a building society. The mere building of my house was a curious affair. Then again my way is to rise very early, and walk, winter and summer, in all weather, before my early breakfast, and thus see much that never meets the eyes of lazy folks. Again, I rove over the mountains with my nephews in the summer, and row on the lakes, trolling for trout on pure nights; and every pass and lake is familiar to me. My plan, then, is to prepare for you a set of papers called 'A Year at Ambleside,' showing 'the seasons, and their change' in this paradise. I am quite smitten with the idea. My present visitor, Mr. Knight [Charles Knight, the Shaksperian editor], like all my visitors, is so intoxicated with the place and the way of living, that he shows his wife his gray hairs, and asks whether they may not have

done with business and London, and, when their last daughter is married, build here, as I have done, and enjoy heaven before they die."

The first of Miss Martineau's papers will appear in the January number.

FREDERIKA BREMER.

THIS distinguished writer—the most distinguished female writer living—is now on a visit to the United States. She has come, as she says in a letter to us, to gain by personal experience "a knowledge of American hearts and homes." Is there a heart or home in this wide republic that has not felt the genial influence of her writings—that was not gladdened by the announcement of her arrival? To the readers of "*Sartain*" we have the pleasure of saying, that while in this country she will continue to contribute to our pages, and that she will write for no other Magazine. She has now in readiness for us a most interesting article, descriptive of the extraordinary state of things in Sweden during the last season, of which she was an eye-witness; also, several "love stories—little romances" she says, "taken out of real life—sparks out of that fire eternal which is latent throughout the universe—pearls out of the stream of life, which I pluck up as I go along it."

FANNY FORRESTER. This charming writer, though now in Farther India and engaged in the work of a foreign missionary, has not entirely forsaken literary pursuits. We have made arrangements to receive contributions from her pen, and shall give one, a touching and characteristic poem, in our January Number.

EDGAR A. POE. The singular poem of Mr. Poe's, called "The Bells," which we published in our last Number, has been very extensively copied. There is a curious piece of literary history connected with this poem, which we may as well give now as at any other time. It illustrates the gradual development of an idea in the mind of a man of original genius. This poem came into our possession about a year since. It then consisted of eighteen lines! They were as follows:

THE BELLS.—A SONG.

The bells!—hear the bells!
The merry wedding bells!
The little silver bells!
How fairy-like a melody there swells
From the silver tinkling cells
Of the bells, bells, bells!
Of the bells!

The bells!—ah, the bells!
The heavy iron bells!
Hear the tolling of the bells!
Hear the knells!
How horrible a monody there floats
From their throats—
From their deep-toned throats!
How I shudder at the notes
From the melancholy throats
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells—

About six months after this, we received the poem enlarged and altered nearly to its present size and form, and about three months since the author sent another alteration and enlargement, in which condition the poem was left at the time of his death.

We may remark in passing, that this is not Mr. Poe's last poem, as some of the papers have asserted. We have on hand one of his which probably is his last. It was received a short time before his decease. We shall give it in our January Number.

The Floral Calendar for December was in type, but crowded out through press of matter.

Mrs. Kemble's Shakespeare Readings.—We understand this lady has been giving her course of "Readings" in Philadelphia. We paid our dollar and heard one—"As You Like It"—and must confess our weakness:—we would have "liked it" much better, had we been permitted to listen to it under the usual courtesy extended to the Press in such cases.

ART NOTICES.

Brackett, the Sculptor.—This justly celebrated artist has lately changed his place of residence from Boston to Philadelphia, and it is to be hoped, for the credit of the latter city, as well as for other reasons, that he may see no cause to regret the step. A man of his merit it is well worth an effort on the part of her citizens to retain amongst them, and the method is so obvious that of course it needs not to be indicated. A city may contrive in one way or other to get up a kind of reputation for possessing a great taste and love for the *fine arts*, and it sounds highly satisfactory to its inhabitants to hear it styled, "The Athens of —," but it may, nevertheless, be but little entitled to any such distinctive appellation. The possession of the finest Academy of Art (rightly or not so called) will not confer it, even though its walls enclose many very fine works of art, owned or loaned. The community that encourages *living artists*, and shows that it really feels a love for art, by purchasing its products fresh from the hand of its maker, instead of groping after old snuff-brown curiosities, and styling them "*masters*," this people will soon earn the proud distinction. Let there be a desire for it, a demand for it, and talent will spring up in abundance all around; will flow in from all quarters, and improvement and increase will be constant. The history of Art in all countries exemplifies this, and it is from this cause that so many great men always lived contemporaneously. The want existing, drew them out to supply it. When a city is without artists of merit, it is only because the citizens are unworthy of them.

Mr. Brackett has established an atelier opposite the Jefferson College, and has there set up his—*clay*, we had almost said marble; that we trust will be soon. Here the visitor will see an admirable bust of Longfellow modelled from life. It would not be easy to say more in its praise than it deserves. In all the various qualities desirable in bust sculpture it is inimitable. There is also a bust of the poet Dana, of which the same may be said. But it is not merely in bust portraiture that Mr. Brackett has displayed such skill. His large group, life size, of a mother and child, which he entitles "The Wreck," is indeed a noble production of art, which we hope its author may have the reward of being requested to transfer to marble by some of our wealthy connoisseurs.—J. S.

Prizes of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.—It is gratifying to notice that this institution has appropriated two thousand dollars to be expended on pictures offered in competition at the Academy, in Philadelphia, by the

10th of April next ensuing, if in conformity with certain conditions set forth.

The prizes to be awarded by a committee of five judges, four of the members being selected, one from Philadelphia, one from New York, one from Boston, and one from Baltimore, and these choosing the fifth.

The prizes for Historical, Scriptural, or Dramatic painting, the pictures for which must not measure less than fifty by forty inches, are,

One of seven hundred and fifty dollars.

One of five hundred dollars, and

One of two hundred and fifty dollars.

The prizes for pictures in landscape or marine, which class of pictures must be not less than fifty-four by forty inches in measurement, are,

One of three hundred dollars, and

One of two hundred dollars.

The Academy becomes the owner of the successful pictures on the payment of the premium; and any picture which the Directors deem of insufficient merit, they claim the right to withhold from the judges.

The Academy defrays the expense of transportation of pictures to Philadelphia, and also back again, if among the unsuccessful.—J. S.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE LEAFLETS OF MEMORY. An Illuminated Annual. By Reynell Coates, M.D. 1850. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. This splendid work still holds its enviable position as the acknowledged prince of American Annuals. For specimens of the art of printing in colours we know nothing—English or American—superior to the illuminated pages in the Leaflets for 1850. The designs for these exquisite pictures are all by Devereux, and the printing by that truly artistic lithographer, Mr. Sinclair. They are four in number, and every one of them is a gem of art. There are, besides these, eight mezzotinto engravings by Sartain, all in his best style. The binding by Altemus presents an entirely new design, remarkable at once for its beauty, and for that finished workmanship which he knows so well how to give. The literary articles are from writers of established reputation, several from the accomplished editor, Dr. Reynell Coates. Among the gems we quote the following beautiful Sonnet by the late Mr. Poe.

TO MY MOTHER.

"Because the angels in the heavens above,
Devoutly singing unto one another,
Can find, amid their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of 'mother,'
Therefore by that sweet name I long have called you;
You who are more than mother unto me,
Filling my heart of hearts, where God installed you,
In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
My mother—my own mother—who died early,
Was but the mother of myself; but you
Are mother to the dead I loved so dearly,
Are thus more precious than the one I knew,
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life."

Chalmers's Posthumous Works.—Vol. vii. of Chalmers's Posthumous Works, constituting vol. i. of "The Institutes of Theology," has been received from the American publishers, the Messrs. Harpers. The volume includes Book I., General and Introductory; Book II., Natural Theology; Book III., Evidences of Christianity; and the Subject-Matter of Christianity.—Theologians and religious people generally, in this country, will regard the publication of this volume, and of its successor, with more interest than any of this great man's posthumous works. As a preacher, he was first, perhaps we may say, most distinguished by his Astronomical Discourses; as a man of action, his grand achievement was the generalship of the Free Church in its disruption from the Church of the Establishment; but

as a theologian and a thinker, his crowning work is the Institutes of Theology, now for the first time given to the public. We would remark in passing, that all these volumes are presented by the publishers in a style very acceptable to the eye, and convenient for use.

READ'S FEMALE POETS OF AMERICA. *Third Edition.* The rapidity with which this expensive work has reached a third edition, is perhaps the strongest commentary upon its merits. It is at the same time a pleasing evidence of the growth of good taste in the public, that they do not shrink from a high-priced book, where its character is of a kind to render the expense proper. And what is a greater luxury than to read one's favourite authors in type that you can see half across the room, with accompaniments in the shape of pictures, paper, binding, and other artistic embellishments, that raise involuntarily one's estimate of the noble thoughts which they contain?

In the edition of Read's Female Poets now offered, we notice considerable additions in the number both of the pages and of the illustrations. The plates also appear to have been retouched and improved. The work contains now three of Devereux's superb illuminated pages, besides fine line engravings by Pease, after original paintings by Read, of the following authors:—Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Welby, Miss Lynch, Mrs. Kinney, and Miss Sarah J. Clarke. It is bound in sumptuous style, and ornamented exteriorly by one of those tasteful designs which Altemus is continually originating.

THE POET'S OFFERING. *By Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale.* Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliot & Co. One of the craft not long since published an elegant copy of the New Testament, under the title of "Perpetual Keepsake." The title would be not inapplicable to this book of our highly esteemed and gifted friend, Mrs. Hale. It is, in appearance, of the order of a gift book or annual, while for intrinsic value it is one of those books which do not become superannuated with the season that gave them birth. The plan or idea of Mrs. Hale's work is felicitous. She will excuse us for adding, it is one for which her fine taste, her orderly habits of mind, and her long occupation with literature as a profession, have given her peculiar facilities. The idea may be not entirely new, but it is more thoroughly and systematically carried out than in any similar work that has fallen under our notice. The volume contains one of Devereux's beautiful illuminated title-pages, twelve large mezzotints by Sartain, characterized by his accustomed ability, and a line engraving by Pease after a painting by Read, giving a most excellent likeness of the amiable and honoured Editress.

TUPPER'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY. *Illustrated Edition.* Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. The character of Mr. Tupper's writings, at least of his Proverbial Philosophy, is so well known, that criticism on this point, we presume, is not expected. We shall speak therefore only of the beauty of the present edition—a point on which it is difficult to speak the truth, without some appearance of exaggeration. The book is in the form of a small quarto, somewhat of the shape and size of the early quarto editions of Shakespeare and Milton, over which bibliographers and antiquaries are wont to expatiate. This shape has enabled the printer to give Mr. Tupper's long lines at their full length, without that disagreeable doubling which so mars the appearance of a book of poetry. The headings of chapters, and the initials of paragraphs throughout the book are given in a beautiful old English letter, which harmonizes wonderfully with the quaint style of the author. The binding is of the massive character now so much in fashion for gift books, with a handsome oval design made expressly for the occasion, by that prince of binders, Mr. Altemus. A beautiful engraved likeness of the author stands as a frontispiece, while through the volume are scattered twelve of Sartain's unrivalled mezzotints. The book may indeed be safely quoted as one of the very finest specimens of American book-making extant.

RASSELAS. *An Illustrated Edition.* Philadelphia: Hogan & Thompson. We had occasion in a recent number to notice in terms of high commendation a beautiful illustrated edition of Paul and Virginia, and The Vicar of Wakefield, by Hogan & Thompson of Philadelphia. Those who have seen the books referred to, will not be displeased to find that the same publishers have applied their taste and capital to the production of a superb edition of Johnson's Rasselas—similar in the style of embellishment to the books before noticed, but even more highly finished in the execution. There are two illuminated pages—that is, pictures printed in colours—one being an ornamented title-page, the other a picture of the Happy Valley. There are, besides these, eight of those peculiar tinted engravings of which we gave in the August number a description and a specimen, The Serenade. The designs for all these engravings are by Devereux, and are made expressly for the work. Those printed in tint are the finest specimens of the new art that we have yet seen. If we felt disposed to take any exception to the book as a work of art—for books like this assume that character—it would be to the printed title-page, which to our fancy is overloaded.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. *By the Rev. H. Hastings Weld.* Philadelphia: Hogan & Thompson. We are pleased to find a man of Mr. Weld's happy faculty in narrative applying himself to a practical exemplification of the gospel harmony. This work is not a critique on the Harmony of the Evangelists, but the story itself as educed from such criticism, told in a pleasing style and in language taken in great part from the sacred narrative. The work as to its appearance, corresponds to the one just noticed, to which it is a fellow. It contains two illuminated pages, and eight tinted engravings, all by Devereux.

THE SNOW FLAKE.—*A Holiday Gift for 1850.* Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. Among the Annuals more recently established, no one seems to have met with more marked favour than the Snow Flake. Its title is a pleasing one, associated as it is with the most striking emblem of innocence to be found in nature. A good name, however, like the real snow flake, is of all good things the one most easily sullied. The publishers seem to have reasoned on this principle in the preparation of their beautiful volume. They have been zealous not only to secure for it high artistic and literary excellence, but to exclude from it whatever should offend the most refined and delicate taste. Among the original contributions, we notice a long and well-written story by Dr. Reynell Coates, illustrated by two capital companion pictures, "The Impending Mate" and "Mated," a very pleasing Indian legend from the pen of Mrs. Pease, a lively narrative sketch from Kate Campbell, poems from Professors Moffat and Rhoads, Mr. Donnelly, Miss Sproat, Miss Starr, and others. Another feature in the literary character of the book, is the series of tales illustrating life in different countries—a tale of Austria, a tale of Switzerland, a tale of France, a tale of New England, a tale of Scotland, &c. The engravings, nine in number, are all from Sartain, are executed expressly for the work, and display much taste in the selection of the designs as well as finish in the execution.

MISS PARDOE'S COURT AND REIGN OF FRANCIS THE FIRST. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 2 vols. 12 mo. Miss Pardoe's former volumes on Louis XIV., and the City of the Sultan, will gain her a ready hearing for the present more matured work. The reader will find that she has here not contented herself with a mere compilation and digest of the old standard histories of the times which she has undertaken to describe, but has encountered the labour of original research on a well-worn subject, and has educed conclusions at variance with the established historical creed. She has stripped Francis of his hitherto almost unchallenged title to be considered the chivalric monarch *par excellence*, and has shown him to be a soldier whose prowess in manhood was shamed by his gallantry while yet a boy—a husband, the unregretted death of one of whose queens, and the heart-broken endurance of the

other, shamefully contrasted with the unbounded influence of a first mistress and the insolent arrogance of a second—a monarch, who without form of law and in contempt of custom, oppressed a suffering people to satisfy the cravings of an extortionate and licentious court—a man, who falsified political pledges with reckless indifference, who abandoned his allies in their extremity to further his own interests, and who sacrificed the welfare of a kingdom and the safety of its armies to the bauble of personal vanity. Miss Pardoe deserves all honour for her fidelity as a historian, thus to deprive her subject of half its interest by stripping it of all its romance. She has nevertheless, with true womanly tact, contrived to find in the court of Francis, numerous other subordinate subjects of interest to supply the place which the reader *a priori* reserves for the main hero. Thus, although in the conclusion the royal profligate fills much less space in the imagination than was expected, there is yet no uncomfortable vacuum in the mind of the reader. The grand pageant is complete. He has been entertained with a glowing picture of a stirring period, and closes the volume with a proper feeling of satisfaction at the whole result.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING. *Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.* This is an old-established favourite with the Annual-buying public. The present volume shows no falling off from the high excellence of the previous ones. It is embellished with nine of Sartain's incomparable and life-like mezzotints, and its literary contents display editorial taste and ability.

HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. *Vols. III. & IV. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.* We take the occasion to renew our commendation of this very convenient reprint of the great English historian. We would inquire also in passing, what has become of the new Pictorial Shakespeare by the same publishers? Has it fallen through, or —

CHRISTMAS BLOSSOMS. *By Uncle Thomas. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.* The time is past—we trust never to return—when inferior second-rate books and pictures shall be counted good enough for children. Annuals and other gift books for the young, must now be as well made and as elegant as any others, if they would find favour. The engravings which adorn the Christmas Blossoms are in all respects as good as those in the Snow Flake or Friendship's Offering. The book is indebted—as what good book in these days is not—to the industry and genius of Mr. Sartain for its embellishments; while its literary contents are nearly all from the pen of the editor, "Uncle Thomas," an elderly gentleman greatly in favour with the young folks about Christmas time.

THE PASTOR'S WIFE. *A Memoir of Mrs. Sherman. By her Husband. Philadelphia, Robert E. Peterson.* It is a difficult task for a man to write the "life" of a deceased wife in a manner that will satisfy the public, and at the same time do justice to his own feelings. The biographer is to some extent a censor—an office for which the bereaved husband is,—or ought to be,—disqualified. If the object of this "Life" is to produce for surviving and admiring friends a blind and indiscriminating eulogium to serve as a keepsake of the departed, no one could be selected better adapted to the task. But for the ordinary purposes of biography, the work would seem to give more promise of usefulness coming from other hands.

As to the present performance, Mr. Sherman has acquitted himself better than could be expected under the circumstances. He is indeed not sparing in his praises—we would not spare him if he was—but in the main he contrives to derive her eulogy from facts rather than words, and especially to let her tell her own story, by quoting very largely from her letters and journals. In fact, it is a good book, and we like it very much. But, if we must tell the whole truth, we have not much respect for a man who is able to write the biography of a deceased wife. It is too platonic a sort of business altogether.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW. The October number of this Review displays its accustomed ability. It contains nine elaborate reviews on various subjects, and by

writers well known without as well as in the theological curriculum. Among these we notice with pleasure an article from one of our own esteemed correspondents,—Dr. Durbin. The book notices of this Review always display reading, and are discriminating without wanton severity. Perhaps the most valuable feature of the work is the quarterly summary of religious and literary intelligence. In this particular it is surpassed by no American periodical that comes under our notice. The October number is ornamented with an uncommonly fine mezzotint engraving by Jones.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. This staid old periodical is out in an article of unwonted, but apparently merited, severity, upon "Lanman's Summer in the Wilderness." We commend it to the notice of any who want to see a book systematically "done up." Among the other articles in the October number is a commendatory review of Herbert's Translations from *Æschylus*, a vindication—to some extent successful—of the waning fame of Dickens, Lyell's Second Visit to the United States, French Democracy, Polity of the Puritans, &c.

THE SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW. The number for October, now on our table, contains, besides a very long list of book notices, eleven extended articles on various subjects. The only one of them which we have had leisure to read, is on the Free School System of South Carolina. The writer is one intimately acquainted with the social and political condition of the state. His views differ widely from those counted orthodox in this region. They are presented, however, in excellent temper and with marked ability, though with no little special pleading.

ROCKINGHAM, OR THE YOUNGER BROTHER. *New York: H. Long and Brother.* We have not had time to read this novel, but hear it spoken of in various quarters as being likely to create some stir. It is from a new candidate for literary honours.

ELLA STRATFORD. *By the Countess of Blessington. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.* Price 25 cts.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS bids fair to eclipse all Mr. Thackeray's previous works. *Harper & Brothers.* No. III., price 25 cts.

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STORIES FOR MY YOUNG FRIENDS. *By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: J. & J. L. Gihon.* The Messrs. Gihon have published a neat little child's book under this title, consisting entirely of stories by Arthur in one of his happiest veins. It will be found an acceptable book at Christmas times.

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENGRAVINGS.

We have now in the hands of our corps of artists, a beautiful series of scriptural illustrations, of which the January number will contain the first, namely—

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

It is enough to say that it is from the celebrated and superb composition by Rubens, and engraved in the most careful manner by one of our best engravers, to satisfy our subscribers that it will be of itself worth triple the price of the number. Our illustrations of remarkable places mentioned in Bible history, and accompanied by descriptive articles written for the Magazine by the Rev. Dr. Durbin, will also be continued through the coming year.

Altogether we pledge ourselves to make the volumes for 1850 surpass those of the present year.

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The fact of the SATURDAY GAZETTE having a lady editor, for those departments of the paper which so appropriately belong to the sex, cannot fail to ensure to it a preference with its more numerous and refined class of readers.—*New Hampshire Democrat.*

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BY THE BEST AUTHORS AND ARTISTS, EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN.

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- XX. MUSIC. The Bird-cage; a Song. The Words and Music composed expressly for the Magazine. By John H. Rheyn.

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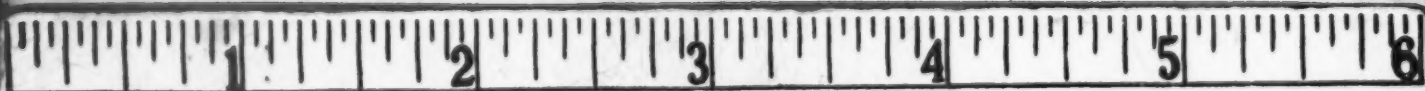
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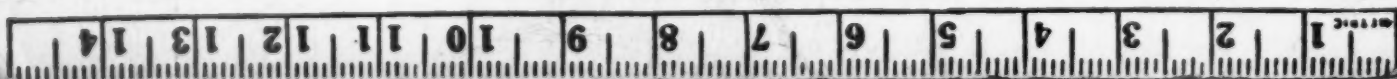
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